This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

39.

239.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MINSTREL MELODIES:

BEING A

COLLECTION OF SONGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"FIELD FLOWERS," "THE GARLAND," &c.

"Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, 'How can you e'er propose,
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak a sang?'
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're, maybe, wrang."—BURNS.

"Give me but the making a people's songs,
And I care but little who makes their laws."

LONDON:

LONGMAN, ORME, AND CO.

1839.

239.

Digitized by Google

SOCIAL SONGS FOR FRIENDSHIP'S HEARTH,

LIGHTING UP EACH DARKER HOUR;

AND, WHEN HUSHED THE SOUNDS OF MIRTH,

LAYS OF LOVE FOR BEAUTY'S BOWER.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY JAMES MOYES, CASTLE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Wine *versus* Medicine	1
Health and long life to the King	6
What's Friendship, unless 'tis that friendship of soul	8
To those who, when the cares of life	10
Cheerless and cold the landscape shews	12
Fill the flask	14
Come, give us a song	16
Why should we cease	17
Away with the hypocrite frown of the prude	18
Fill high the glass	20
Pledge me the tankard	22
I am a true-born soldier lad	24
The Queen! God bless her	26
The Ladies	27
Be Friendship the watchword	29

Digitized by Google

PAGE

I'll meet thee at sunset..... 31
The bridal-eve bower 33
Oh! Girls, what silly things 35
She hath quitted her chamber 36
Come, Bella, leave Fashion's gay precincts .. 37
Dear Mary of the laughing eye 39
The gallant hussar..... 40
The birth-day of our King 42
Love and Friendship 44
The lyre of other days 46
We rail at Time..... 48
The melody of mirth..... 50
Love's idolatry 52
The sea! the sea 57
The battle and the breeze..... 61
At the sunset hour 63
Bring roses of the dewy morn 65
The smuggler's song..... 67
The rover's song 69
Awake, love! awake, love!..... 71
I looked on the waters 73
The Union-Jack 74
The banner that floats on the main 76
I saw her in her noon of pride..... 78
The music of the sea..... 80
The temple of Hymen 82
Our patriot King 84

Digitized by Google

PAGE

The minstrel's grave..... 86
Beautiful ocean..... 87
I'll return, love, to thee 88
Leap-year 93
Scotland's blue-eyed fair 95
The Lancashire witch 96
The passion-flower 98
'Twas not 'neath fashion's splendid dome 100
The bridemaid 102
The spring-tide of life 103
The blossoms of hope 104
Pretty baby 106
The broken heart 108
Canna ye gang yer gate..... 110
The exile's tear 115
The farewell 117
The parting gift..... 119
The calm 121
Weep, mither, weep'..... 123
The breeze..... 125
Land!..... 127
The arrival..... 129
The welcome 131
Time was when merry England 136
The invitation 138
Song of the Polish refugee 139
The plague-ship..... 141

Digitized by Google

PAGE

I have sighed on Beauty's bosom 147
They told her he had ceased to live..... 149
Appeal of the Brighton belles 152
Oh! for the fairy hours 155
The Citizen King 157
She is dreaming..... 159
I love at evening's close 161
The soldier's widow 163
And is it thus thou lovest me 167
The departure of the young Greek 169
The sighs of the dead 170
Lady, thou bad'st me sing 172
Why stands the bottle 174
The pride of the village..... 176
Song of the Margate boatman 178
The Spanish bazaar 180
Our ships at sea..... 182
The return 184
Bark that I love..... 186
Lament for Poland 188
Speed the spade 190
The Paphian bower 192
Come, where the willows are weeping 194
The bonny Scotch lass 196
England's Ocean King..... 197
Those tear-drops of sadness 198
Lithuanian war-song..... 202

Digitized by Google

PAGE

When I was a wee little slip of a girl 204
Was I to blame 206
The old Scotch fir 208
Once more, and yet 210
The charter of Mercy 212
I love the bower 214
The flower of England's hope 216
I woke, in youth 219
Avondale 220
Come vernal thoughts 221
He cannot be happy 222
Summer roses 223
Song of April 225
The parliament man 227
Land of the West 228
England the home of the free 231
Croyez-vous? 233
Who owns not the spell? 235
The sister roses 236
Mary 238
The prude 240
Tulips 242
Cuckoo song 244
Hide and seek 246
Ellen, dear Ellen 248
The reverie 249
The Home of Beauty and Health 251

Digitized by Google

PAGE

We have smiled..... 252
Who sits on the throne of England? 253
Betsy, in thy beaming eye 255
The queenly rose of England 257
Lady, take this rose 259
Queen of the Isles..... 261
Quite tired 264
Hope, Love, and Friendship 266
The pilgrim child 268
The song of the stranger 270
The May-garland 272
Spirit of Beauty..... 273
I think of thee 274
All my love is thine alone 276
Take back thy young heart's 278
The freed slave..... 280
A merry tongue and a merry eye 282
Two maidens sat within a bower..... 284
Nelson's pillar 286
How gaily through 290
The gallant barks of Britain..... 292
Gather flow'rets..... 294
I am there! 296

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

WHEN, in the early part of the spring of 1837, the present volume of songs was committed to the press, the Author had no reason whatever for supposing that its publication would not have taken place some time during April or May of the same year. Circumstances, however, over which he had no control, have not only compelled him to curtail it somewhat of its fair proportions, but they have also prevented him from sending it forth to the public accompanied by notes, as

Digitized by Google

was originally intended. It is the more incumbent upon him to make this statement, as more than one poem will be found which, admissible enough as each might have been at the period when they were printed off, are certainly irrelevant now that we are ruled over by a female monarch. Whether it might or might not have been better to have had them rescinded, and to have substituted others in their place, is a matter of small moment; the spirit of loyalty and patriotism which they were intended to keep alive may, perhaps, be admitted in extenuation of them, as mere *pièces de circonstance*, to use the term given to such temporary trifles by our Gallic neighbours.

With regard to the feelings under which these songs have been written, there is,

Digitized by Google

indeed, but little to be said, save that of it having been the chief aim of the writer to avoid every idea or expression which might seem to run counter, directly or indirectly, to the moralities of any order of society. The study of the *literæ humaniores* has been said to owe more than half its value to the circumstance of its softening and rendering less savage the manners of those that cultivate it;—

"Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros."

In contemplating the influence of a volume of songs, as connected in any way with the *literæ humaniores*, a smile may, not improbably, play around the mouth of the reader; but when it is considered by how many hundreds of eyes and ears one little popular song is some-

Digitized by Google

times read and listened to; in how many hundreds of hearts the sentiments expressed in it are oftentimes treasured up, it may be a matter of doubt whether, of every species of literature, the song ought not to be the most carefully and felicitously written: one thoughtless expression may become a proverb, never again to be recalled. "Oh! it's only a song, heard to-day, and forgotten to-morrow," is a common observation; and yet of all popular errors it is surely one of the most fallacious. In making these observations, it must not be understood that this song or that song is particularly alluded to, but songs in general. What nerved the arm of the Saxon when he battled for conquest with the Briton, but the verse which spoke of amber mead quaffed from cups of gold in

Digitized by Google

the banquet-halls of Thor, or of Odin? Led on by what mighty spell rushed the Norman into conflict on the red field of Hastings, but the war-song that told of the immortal deeds of Rollo? Before the torrent tide of song-created Enthusiasm has the proud spirit of Despotism bowed the head, and sheathed the sword of Vengeance; wrongs have been redressed, justice has been obtained, and the meteor flag of freedom has been made to wave triumphant by *a song*. Yet not alone in the battle-field of Valour has the power of song been acknowledged; by the bower of Beauty it has not passed unheeded; and if some of the most spirit-stirring sentiments of liberty owe their birth to song, so, also, do some of the most pure and refined ones of love.

Every body has heard tell of the flaxen-

Digitized by Google

headed cowboy who drove his kine afield, and

Whistled as he went for want of thought.

But whistling and singing are akin to each other (cousins-german probably), and are the effects of the same cause,—a light-hearted buoyancy of spirits. Hence we hear, also, the plover whistle and the linnet sing,—nay, the very chirrup of the grasshopper and the cricket speaks any thing but the language of sorrow.

Some one has said, "Of all the little flowerets of the field, commend me to the daisy—the prince treads on it in his palace garden, but then so does the peasant in his cottage grassplot." Now, what is true of the daisy, is by no means untrue of song; it is the common heritage of all; it blooms for all, it may be enjoyed by all—every

Digitized by Google

body knows a song of some sort or other; the king sings, and so does the cobbler; and should it so happen that the nosegay of royalty discard the one, and the lips of royalty the other, trust me, the fault is neither in the flower nor the song. The happier the heart is and the freer from care, the more likely is its possessor to go on his way singing; the fewer exotics the hand has to cull, the more apt is it to form garlands of wild flowers. Ask those laughing young rogues there on the village-green, what makes them sing and throw violets at each other till the whole atmosphere is redolent with music and perfume, and ten to one but the urchins will reply, "Because it's a holiday, and we are *so* happy." Then, turn to the promenaders of

Digitized by Google

some horticultural *fête*, and ask *them*, those "children of a larger growth," what makes *their* eye beam and *their* cheek dimple, and, the word of a minstrel for it, they'll tell you 'tis "in memory of the holiday, and the violets of other days."

It may still, however, be a question with some, whether song-writing, as merely productive of pleasurable emotions, ought to be considered in any other light than that of "a harmless pastime, just one grade better than sheer idleness." Were even such the fact, which not a few will feel inclined to deny—did nothing more result from it than the production of pleasurable emotions, still there can be no doubt about its being of some little value *pro tanto*. The man who makes one individual happier

Digitized by Google

than he would else have been, is no useless member of society, let him produce the effect how he may: but if he can contrive, at one and the same time, to stamp upon the mind some sentiment which may make him more religious, more moral, or more virtuous,—in short, a more loyal (because a more happy) subject of his sovereign, and a more philanthropic citizen of the world, he has at least done that which it should ever be the aim of all writers to do; namely, to make Pleasure the glad handmaid of Instruction.

What may be the opinion of the critics in regard to these little trifles, I know not. Whether favourable or otherwise, I shall scarcely impugn it, contenting myself rather

Digitized by Google

with saying, with *Facil*, in the comedy of "the Mausoleum:"

"O, with me 'tis a rule not to quarrel with those
Who attack what I scribble in rhyme or in prose;
To skirmish with you how unjust should I be,
If, perchance, of my verses you don't think with me;
When, to tell you the truth, I'm so various an elf,
I have twenty opinions about them myself."

Brighton, March 1838.

Digitized by Google

SONGS OF SOCIAL HOURS.

WINE VERSUS MEDICINE.

AWAY with them all! what to me your infusions
Of root, stem, or leaf — pharmaceutic delusions!
And as for your mustard-seed, famed as a tonic,
Write quartos about it — I'll be more laconic:
For, though not in Sparta, her black broth to swallow,
I know a black liquor will beat it all hollow;
Cold, hot, bishop, negus, in every shape —
And the liquor I mean is the juice of the grape.

CHORUS.

Then send the bottle round,
For, oh! what liquor's found
Like that of the grape?

Digitized by Google

Bring here no decoction of sarsaparilla;
We've got no catarrh — then away with your Scilla!
And as for specifics 'gainst toothach and tumour,
That only be ours that produces good-humour.
All med'cine I hate — sweet or bitter the doses,
From syrup of buckthorn to syrup of roses;
Pill, powder, or plaster, in every shape,
I hate it, and cling to the juice of the grape.

CHORUS.

Then send the bottle round,
For what specific's found, &c.

You may talk of your guaiacum, pseudo-rheumatic
Affections to lessen, or even sciatic;
Whether chronic or whether acute, they're an evil,
I ardently wish — who does not? — at the devil.
You may talk of your foxglove, as good in a fever; —
May they who've a taste for it drink it for ever!
From fever and foxglove, pray heaven, I escape,
For the drink that I love is the juice of the grape.

CHORUS.

Then send the bottle round,
For, oh! what drink is found, &c.

Digitized by Google

Go, cry up your colchicum; still let the thesis
Be water, and gruel, and diaphoresis;
And as for your catechu, pray, who'll deny it
Is good as a styptic? who doubts, let him try it.
But I know a styptic that Nature has sent all,
To heal, not our bodily wounds but our mental;
Alike young and old, in each season and shape —
And the styptic I mean is the juice of the grape.

CHORUS.

Then send the bottle round,
For oh! what styptic's found, &c.

When the Duke of Ferrara, as haughty as cruel,
Physician'd poor Tasso with fetters and gruel;
Did the poet, oh! say, 'mid his soul's deepest anguish,
For med'cine, of all things in Italy, languish?
No — "give me," he cried, "glad Posilipo's nectar,
Or sparkling Falernian, drink for a Hector;
From phantoms and fevers I then might escape —
Or I'd drown 'em at once in the juice of the grape."

CHORUS.

Then send the bottle round,
For, oh! what drink is found, &c.

Digitized by Google

We have all heard of old into young people grinding:
There was but one barrier, 'twas e'en that of finding
What land of Utopia, that famed mill concealing,
Could change age to youth, age's wrinkles repealing.
Εὑρηκα!—'tis found! but no batt'ry galvanic,
To quicken the dead, kill the living with panic;
Would Bacchus, d'ye think, such tom-fooleries ape?
What mill, then, is his? 'tis the juice of the grape.

CHORUS.

Then send the bottle round,
For oh! what juice is found, &c.

Away then, at least for to-day, with your physic,
I care not who knows I've the gout or the phthisic;
Sufficient for me, I'm yet willing and able,
To pledge the full bowl, 'mid the joys of the table.
Let Henderson prattle of Coan and Massic,
Our wines are right good, tho' they may'nt be right classic;
Yet, classic or not, still in every shape
I love 'em, and quaff "to the juice of the grape!"

Digitized by Google

CHORUS.

Then send the bottle round,
For, oh! what liquor's found
Like that of the grape!

October 13th, 1826.

Digitized by Google

HEALTH AND LONG LIFE TO THE KING!

Come, fill up a bumper and join in the song,
And as for the frown of dull care,
On those to whom Bacchus and bumpers belong,
I say, let him frown — if he dare.
Of birth nor of riches I never could boast,
Yet far away sorrow I fling,
Whene'er, in my cups, I hurrah to the toast
Of, "Health and long life to the King!"

Ye may prattle and tell of the monarchs of France,
When glory her banner carest;
Yet, brave as they were, and true knights of the lance,
How tarnished was often each crest!
But *we* have a monarch, his people's just pride,
And proud is the tribute they bring,
As loudly the toast is encored, far and wide,
Of, "Health and long life to the King!"

Ye may talk, as ye list, of the days of Queen Bess,
When Drake claimed the sway of the seas;
But is it, my lads, that *we* rule them the less,
With freedom's glad voice in the breeze?

Digitized by Google

Then, leaving past times to the vista of years,
Of those that are present we'll sing;
And as for the future, we'll meet them with cheers
Of, "Health and long life to the King!"

Away with the tyrant who governs alone
By the fears his dark passions invoke;
'Tis a true British sailor that graces our throne,
With a heart of the true British oak.
And long may he grace it, and far o'er the waves
May the proud shout of liberty ring;
With a true sailor sovereign, we'll never be slaves,—
So, "Health and long life to the King!"

Then, fill up a bumper, and join in the song,
And as for the frown of dull care;
On those to whom Bacchus and bumpers belong,
I say, let him frown — if he dare.
Of birth nor of riches I never could boast,
Yet far away sorrow I fling,
Whene'er, in my cups, I hurrah to the toast
Of, "Health and long life to the King!"

August, 1830.

Digitized by Google

WHAT'S FRIENDSHIP, UNLESS 'TIS THAT FRIENDSHIP OF SOUL.

WHAT's friendship, unless 'tis that friendship of soul,
Which, when the dark storm-clouds of sadness
O'er life's blue horizon despairingly roll,
Beams forth the bright sun-ray of gladness?
For that is true friendship that dreads not the strife,
But, oft as the danger draws near him,
Protects, at the risk of his own, his friend's life,
And then with a smile tries to cheer him.

The goblet that beams with the juice of the grape,
When, haply, the blue devils borrow,
Poor mortals to tease, fancy's multiform shape,
May banish each phantom of sorrow;
But still, if the bumper to friendship he drain,
No friend's kindred glass being near him,
Tho' it lessen, perchance, the wild dreams of the brain,
It availeth but little to cheer him.

Digitized by Google

But if, as he sits 'neath the shade of his vine,
And the goblet to friendship is foaming,
Let the smile of a friend but that goblet enshrine,—
He cares not what sorrows are coming.
Then, here's to each time-cherished friend of our youth,
And, should life's dark tempests draw near him,
May he never, while friendship is hallowed by truth,
Want a friend or a bottle to cheer him.

October 11th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

TO THOSE WHO, WHEN THE CARES OF LIFE.

To those who, when the cares of life
Our lonely hours oppress,
Come, with the smile and voice of love,
To soothe us and caress —
Angels in human form — to them
The sparkling glass fill high,
And, as it beams, to " woman's love !"
We'll drain the goblet dry.

Nor be thou unremember'd, mid
Our revelry and mirth,
Thou land to which prince, peasant, peer,
Owe equally their birth ;
For good thy daughters, brave thy sons,
Whilst freedom's form divine,
Valour and beauty, sword and song
Adorning, still is thine.

Thus may we ever live and love,
Contented with our lot,
Whether a palace proud be ours,
Or but the lowliest cot;

Digitized by Google

And, whatsoe'er the wine we quaff,
The toast shall ever be,
" May those we love be good and fair —
The land we love be free !"

November 1st, 1830.

Digitized by Google

CHEERLESS AND COLD THE LANDSCAPE SHEWS.

CHEERLESS and cold the landscape shews,
And wildly drives the sleet;
Yet, winter, 'mid thy waste of snows,
We still thy presence greet.
For, tho' at thy dread name we shrink,
We scarcely deem thee near,
As, seated round the hearth, we drink
A "Health to the New Year!"

What are to *us* thy frowns, without;
So we have smiles, within;
Or what care *we*, 'mid song and shout,
How loud the torrent's din?
'Tis sweet, at summer's sunset hour,
To list the woodland rill,
But when December tempests lower,
Oh, then the wine-cup fill!

Yet fill it not to by-gone days,
Nor quaff to memory now,
When, far and wide, flash brighter rays
From hope's celestial brow.

Digitized by Google

For there are future joys in store,
To glad the leafy spring;
And summer smiles will come once more
On pleasure's radiant wing.

Then, as the festal tale goes round,
And social mirth prevails,
And songs of fairy-land abound,
And all that Christmas hails;
Fill high the glass to summer bowers,
And kindred feelings dear;
For, 'tis the thought of future hours
That hallows the New Year.

December 17th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

FILL THE FLASK.

Fill the flask,
Nor Wisdom ask
To join the social meeting;
Lest, with a frown,
He strive to drown
Joys ever but too fleeting.

Nor, from his grove,
Tempt forth young Love
With music's minstrel measure;
We meet to-night,
Where wit is bright,
To laugh and quaff to pleasure.

Enough for us
If, meeting thus,
Mirth join the jovial party;
For welcome mirth
To every hearth,
And be the welcome hearty!

Digitized by Google

For we will ne'er
That foe to care,
Vine-crownèd Bacchus banish;
Since who than he
More speedily
Bids care and sorrow vanish?

Then fill the flask,
Nor Wisdom ask
To join the social meeting;
Lest, with a frown,
He strive to drown
Joys ever but too fleeting.

November 6th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

COME, GIVE US A SONG — MUST WE ALWAYS BE WEEPING?

Come, give us a song — must we always be weeping?
Claims sorrow for ever the young and the free?
Though dark o'er the valley the storm is now sweeping,
The rainbow, ere long, shall gild woodland and lea.

E'en thus the sweet sounds of the lyre shed a glory,
A halo, around some wild tale of the past;
And mournful and sad must indeed be the story,
If song no bright sun-ray around it may cast.

The wine-cup of Hebe, with nectar o'erflowing,
Avails not where Cupid hath once fix'd his dart:
Where bosoms are beating and young cheeks are glowing,
The muse and the minstrel alone touch the heart.

Then, give us a song — if it but for a minute
Enliven the soul that with sorrow is rife,
Oh! then, like the first kiss of love, there is in it
A spell that outweighs all the day-dreams of life.

March 26th, 1828.

Digitized by Google

WHY SHOULD WE CEASE THE FOOL TO PLAY?

Why should we cease the fool to play,
If care be banished by it?
When friendship points out pleasure's way,
With loitering footsteps, why delay
To quaff a cup and try it?
Grant, there are thorns as well as flowers —
For man is heir to sorrow —
But while I sit 'neath pleasure's bowers,
Let folly claim to-day's brief hours,
And I'll be wise to-morrow.

For what is vaunted wisdom's worth, —
If sadness thread her mazes,
To drive away intrusive mirth,
As all unfitted for the hearth
That for the wise man blazes?
If such the glory of the schools,
I'll joy from folly borrow:
What are to me Socratic rules? —
If pleasure dwell to-day with fools,
Why, I'll be wise to-morrow.

March 24th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

AWAY WITH THE HYPOCRITE FROWN OF THE PRUDE!

Away with the hypocrite frown of the prude!
"The greater the sinner, the greater the saint;"
When the colours of art upon nature's intrude,
We but the false traits of humanity paint.
We may banish the mirror that dares to express
The failings we scorn of ourselves to disclose,
But the cheek's traitor-blush is still free to confess,
We all love a pretty girl "under the rose."

The soldier, who battles his rights to maintain,
Or find on the red field of glory a grave;
The sailor, whose vessel rides proud o'er the main,
The champion of freedom, the lord of the wave—
When back to the land of their birth they return,
On beauty's fond bosom sink down to repose:—
The shorter love's taper, the brighter 'twill burn,
And all love a pretty girl "under the rose."

Some love on the canvass each tale to rehearse,
Some bid the cold marble leap forth into life:
One listens, entranced, to the magic of verse,
One speeds where the wild harp with music is rife:

Digitized by Google

But all own of beauty the spell and the power —
All turn where the gates of her temple unclose —
For, though but the nymph of some eglantine bower,
We all love a pretty girl "under the rose."

January 25th, 1831.

Digitized by Google

FILL HIGH THE GLASS!—WE MEET NOT HERE.

FILL high the glass! we meet not here
Life's social joys to blight;
Day has sufficient cares, without
Our courting fresh by night.
And day is o'er — yon clouds no more
The sun's last beams are streakin';
So, here's to thee, and thee, and thee,
And "all friends round the Wrekin!"

Here's to the peasant and his spade,
The fisher and his shallop;
And here's a health to Lon'on town,
Nor less to thee, fair Salop!
So, fill the glass, and let it pass,
Yet, slumber ere we're seekin',
Be this our toast, where'er we be,
To "all friends round the Wrekin!"

A health to England's sailor King;
To England's Queen a health!
Their shield, a mighty people's love —
Its happiness, their wealth.

Digitized by Google

Then fill, fill up the crystal cup,
Good wine demands brief speakin';
So here's to thee, and thee, and thee,
And "all friends round the Wrekin!"

February 10*th*, 1831.

Digitized by Google

PLEDGE ME THE TANKARD FOAMING HIGH.

Pledge me the tankard foaming high,
At close of day, with amber ale;
For mantling wines let others sigh,
Where wealth's loud revelries prevail;
But I would rather sit at rest
'Neath rural bowers than lordly domes,
As, with content and friendship blest,
For me the humbler tankard foams.

For better far the peasant's cot,
Humble howe'er that cot may be,
Than is the despot's changeful lot,
The puppet slave of victory.
To-day, he sits upon a throne,
A fugitive, to-morrow, roams;
While for the humble hind alone
His Jenny smiles, his tankard foams.

Oh! tell me not 'tis gems, or gold,
Or pride of birth, true pleasures bring;—
'Tis from a heart, nor bought nor sold,
The purest pleasures ever spring.

Digitized by Google

I ask not learning's lettered boast,
I seek no book-worm's musty tomes;
Be mine where to the peasant's toast
His Jenny smiles, his tankard foams.

Then pledge the tankard foaming high,
At close of day, with amber ale;
For mantling wines let others sigh,
Where wealth's loud revelries prevail;
But I would rather sit at rest
'Neath rural bowers than lordly domes,
As with content and friendship blest,
For me the humbler tankard foams.

February 21*st*, 1831.

Digitized by Google

I AM A TRUE-BORN SOLDIER LAD.

I AM a true-born soldier lad,
And just home from the wars;
In glory's splendid trappings clad,
And proud of glory's scars.
I've fought the sons of France in Spain,
But peace returns at last,
And with it here am I again —
To dream of glories past.

Oh! I remember, when I first
My native village left;
I deem'd my very heart would burst,
Of all I loved bereft.
But now I love each darker scene,
With wounds and death o'ercast;
And, as I tread the village green,
I dream of glories past.

The rustic churl that tills the soil
May drain the bowl to peace;
But the true soldier's worst of toil
Is dull, inglorious ease.

Digitized by Google

Then, tho' no more for me again
May sound the trumpet blast,
I'll drink to "Britain's next campaign,"
And dream of glories past.

February 24th, 1831.

Digitized by Google

THE QUEEN! GOD BLESS HER!

With Burgundy fill, fill the goblet again,
Let the glasses blush up to the brim;
We have filled to the monarch whose flag rules the main,
We have filled, we have drain'd them to *him*.
But there yet is a name, by each Britain held dear,
And may life's darkling cares ne'er distress her;
Long, long may she live, a free people to cheer —
Here's a health to the Queen! God bless her!

I have strayed through the land of the myrtle and vine,
I have sung 'neath the olive of Spain;
But the oak of Old England and freedom be mine —
Then fill the bright goblet again.
To woman, dear woman, still pledge me the toast,
And may Venus and Hymen caress her;
So, here's to her sex's proud glory and boast —
Here's a health to the Queen! God bless her!

February 19*th*, 1831.

Digitized by Google

THE LADIES — FAITH, I LO'E 'EM WEEL !

THE ladies — faith, I lo'e 'em weel,
They are sic charmin' creatures ;
Our hearts an' a' awa they steal,
Wi' their sae bonnie features.
The chiel, wha kens na what is luve,
The chiel, to lo'e whose trade is,
Alike the force o' beauty prove,
An' lo'e alike the ladies.
The ladies, the ladies,
The bonnie, winsome ladies !
I deem a mon but half a mon,
Unless he lo'es the ladies.
When braks the mornin' fair an' full,
An' hunters' horns are soundin',
Ane kiss o' luve, an' owre the hull
Awa' our steeds are boundin'.
An' when we seek our ain roof-tree,
Gif there nae toun parade is,
At least we're canty chiels, an' free
To lilt an' lo'e the ladies.
The ladies, the ladies, &c.

Digitized by Google

Ane blinks wi' een o' darkest hue,
  Atween the late an' early;
Ane tries her luck wi' twa o' blue,
  When mornin' smiles sae pearly.
But which may win my heart, alack!
  Na easy to persuade is;
For, een o' blue, or een o' black,
  I lo'e alike the ladies.
    The ladies, the ladies, &c.

There's na a boon in life sae rare
  As when they lo'e sincerely:
An', for myself, I still declare
  I lo'e, and lo'e 'em dearly.
For, whether grave or gay my days,
  My proudest, sweetest trade is,
Abreed, to fight my country's faes, —
  At hame to lo'e the ladies!
    The ladies, the ladies,
      The bonnie, winsome ladies!
    I deem a mon but half a mon,
      Unless he lo'es the ladies.

March 31*st*, 1831.

Digitized by Google

BE FRIENDSHIP THE WATCHWORD OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

Shout, sons of the ocean, the free and the brave,
All dangers for liberty scorning;
The death-song of tyranny peals o'er the wave,
And fair dawns of freedom the morning.
Yet still, as her heroes, united, advance,
Should glory crown each bold endeavour,
Be friendship the watchword of England and France,
And be it the watchword for ever!

While the vessels of England sail proud o'er the seas,
With the voices of freemen to greet them,
Let the banners of tyranny mock the free breeze,
For the sons of the brave soon shall meet them.
Yet still, as they meet them with sword and with lance,
The slave from his thraldom to sever,
Be friendship the watchword of England and France,
And be it the watchword for ever!

Digitized by Google

A voice hath gone forth from the land of the vine,
A spirit of might and of glory;
And bright may the day-star of liberty shine,
As it lights up the dark page of story.
Yet still, as each despot awakes from his trance,
Fresh fetters to forge — vain endeavour!
Be friendship the watchword of England and France,
And be it the watchword for ever!

August 23*d*, 1830.

Digitized by Google

I'LL MEET THEE AT SUNSET.

I'LL meet thee at sunset, but not by the bower
Where with thee I gather'd young love's token-
flower;
Since that would be only recalling to mind
Bright visions of pleasures I've left far behind.
Long years have departed since that happy time,
Then hope was unclouded, and life in its prime;
But *now* both are changed, as well they may be —
Yet still, love, at sunset will I come to thee.

I may not, like thee, have pour'd forth the warm tear
Of sorrow o'er infancy's premature bier;
I may not, like thee, have looked back, with a sigh,
To the time when I first met its joy-beaming eye;—
But the rose thou erst gav'st me is faded and gone,
And friends have dropt off, like its leaves, one by
one,
And thou in her beauty hast won thee a bride —
I'll meet thee at sunset, whate'er may betide.

Digitized by Google

What tho' the cold stoic proclaim it as wrong —
The feelings of youth are as lasting as strong,
And the rays with which love has once lit up the heart
May fade for a while, but they cannot depart.
Then come, but come not with the accents of love,
I would not its echo reply from the grove:
Oh! come as if all, save old friendships, were o'er,
And, Henry, I'll meet thee at sunset once more.

November 10*th*, 1828.

Digitized by Google

THE BRIDAL-EVE BOWER,

A CHAPLET of roses come garland for me,
And if the green leaves of the vine,
As lightly they're waving, so joyous and free,
Are worthy around them to twine —
It is but to wreathe them, all green as they are
And sparkling from May's sunny shower;
And oh! I'll suspend it — sweet, blushing, and fair,
Where blossoms our Bridal-eve Bower.

Time was, when I flirted with all that I met,
For mine was hope's floweret of blue,
And tintless to me seemed the brightest sunset,
Unless it owned hope's azure hue.
But a change has come over my youth's idle dream,
And tho' I still love each blue flower,
With thee I can welcome the sun's rosy beam,
For it lights up our Bridal-eve Bower.

Then garland a chaplet of roses for me,
And if the green leaves of the vine,

Digitized by Google

As lightly they're waving, so joyous and free,
Are worthy around them to twine —
It is but to wreathe them, all green as they are
And sparkling from May's sunny shower;
And oh! I'll suspend it — sweet, blushing, and fair,
Where blossoms our Bridal-eve Bower.

May 8th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

OH! GIRLS! WHAT SILLY THINGS YOU ARE!

Oh! girls, what silly things you are,
Such game as man to worry!
Who, spite of every art and care,
And net outspread with skill, oft still
Contrives your hearts to flurry.

When winged, in vain, by beauty's gun,
With hope her bosom filling,
Through hedge and ditch away we run, —
For winging is not killing.
Then, ladies, when you take your aim,
In stubble, grass, or clover,
Be sure you kill, not wing your game,
For winged birds *may* recover.

Oh! girls, what silly things you are
Such game as men to worry!
Who, spite of every art and care,
And net outspread with skill, oft still
Contrives your hearts to flurry.

November 30th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

SHE HATH QUITTED HER CHAMBER.

She hath quitted her chamber, her foot's in the hall
Where lately she sparkl ed, the star of the ball;
Yet lingers she not, for her own leafy bower
Hath charms, spell'd by passion, at eve's placid hour.

The first rose of spring-tide is wreathed mid her hair,
'Tis gemm'd by a dewdrop, the last that is there;
A sigh and a smile, and she hurries away —
The bride of to-morrow forgets not to-day.

Ah! no — tho' to-morrow her destiny seal
Of sorrow or joy, recollections will steal,
At times, o'er her bosom, of friendships by-gone
Or parting, like autumn's red leaves, one by one.

For sweet tho' the feelings that hallow her mind,
They are not the feelings by friendship enshrined,
Which, like the calm music of waves on the shore,
Still cling to the soul tho' they soothe it no more.

May 13th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

COME, BELLA, LEAVE FASHION'S GAY PRECINCTS AWHILE.

Come, Bella, leave fashion's gay precincts awhile,
And, joyous, the impulse of nature obey;
One pure sigh of sympathy, breathed without guile,
Is all that my bosom may offer to-day.
And trust me, my love, not a purer give forth
The lips of the conch, as it sleeps on the shore;
Not a chaster is heard mid the pines of the north,
As coldly the night-breeze the forest comes o'er.

I love not the whisper that seeks to inthral
The bosom of beauty, whilst threading the dance;
The splendour and noise of festivity's hall
But little accord with true sympathy's glance.
For sweet tho' the music, and gay tho' the scene,
It is not the scene nor the music they love
Whose music the sound of the billows hath been,
Whose gayest of scenes nature's star-lighted grove.

Digitized by Google

Then leave the gay precincts of fashion, and, free
From all that enchain us to pomp or to pride,
By ocean's wild billows come wander with me,
And mark the blithe vessels as homeward they glide.
And if, dearest Bella, such scenes give thee bliss,
If thus with one friend thou contented couldst
roam;
I swear, by the incense of love's purest kiss,
This heart shall be ever thy shelter and home.

January 10*th*, 1831.

Digitized by Google

DEAR MARY OF THE LAUGHING EYE.

Dear Mary of the laughing eye,
Companion of my earliest hours,
What time the bosom heaved no sigh,
And e'en life's weeds seem'd fairy flowers;
Deem not, because the gushing fount
Of youthful feelings flows not now
With free, impetuous force, as wont,
That its warm tide hath ceased to flow.

No, love, the fount wells still the same,
Tho' time's wild weeds may wave around;
And echo still repeats thy name,
As memory haunts the hallow'd ground.
And oft, when pleasure gilds its bowers, —
Herald, as oft, of sorrow's sigh —
I think of thee and happier hours,
Dear Mary of the laughing eye.

December 7th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

THE GALLANT HUSSAR.

From his home, from his wife, from his children he flies;
In vain are their sorrows, in vain are their sighs;
Yet, feels he no anguish at parting?— regret
Dulls his eye, yet that eye with no tear-drop is wet.
'Tis his country that calls him, 'tis glory that leads,
And away on his charger to conquest he speeds,
No sound strikes his ear save the trumpet's of war —
And sweet is that sound to the gallant hussar!

By valour opposed, and urged on by despair,
Where loudest the battle-shout burst on the air,
Where deepest life's crimson tide purples the ground,
'Mid the dead and the dying — there, there is he found!
Tho' death stalks beside him, dark, sullen, and grim,
And danger surrounds — what is either to *him*?
His eye marks but glory, as sailors the star
Of hope 'mid the tempest — the gallant hussar!

Digitized by Google

In vain — see, he falls! — yet no sword gave the
blow,
Unexpected the wound, as unseen was the foe;
For as fate bids the bolt of the thunder-storm fall
On the brave as the coward — so fate winged the
ball.

Yes, yes, he is gone: to his dear native shore,
To live or to die, he'll rejourney no more;
Yet oft shall the soldier, in regions afar,
Breathe a sigh o'er the tomb of the gallant hussar!

1825.

Digitized by Google

THE BIRTH-DAY OF OUR KING.

Of all the days that grace the year,
Of sunshine or of shower,
Sparkling with winter's pendent tear,
Or lighting beauty's bower;
There's one o'er which we heaven invoke
Its choicest gifts to fling,
Beloved by every heart of oak —
The birthday of our King!
And many a year be still as dear
The birthday of our King!

He loves the sceptre meek of peace,
But yet he fears not war;
Lo! where contending armies cease
To urge the crimson'd car!
Through desert waste or fruitful vale
No shouts of battle ring —
But mirth and music join to hail
The birthday of our King.

Digitized by Google

The Doric fane, the sculptured form,
The pencil's magic powers,
With all but life's red current warm, —
Are, sons of Britain, ours.
The wealth of many a distant land
Our vessels homeward bring —
Then let us hail, with heart and hand,
The birthday of our King.

For oh! of all the days that grace
The ever-changeful year;
Of all the days we love to trace,
As most to Britons dear;
There's one o'er which we heaven invoke
Its choicest gifts to fling,
Beloved by every heart of oak —
The birthday of our King!
And many a year be still as dear
The birthday of our King!

April 23*d*, 1830.

Digitized by Google

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

For whom art thou, maiden, so anxiously watching?
With hair all dishevell'd and cheek wan and pale;
Yet, buoyant thy step as the fawn's when first catching
The sound of the wild horn afar on the gale?

I'm watching for Love — here he promised to meet me,
What time the bright moon sailed her bark thro' the sky;
The bark and the blue starry ocean both greet me —
Yet, absent is Love, with his smile and his sigh!

But who art thou, stranger, that thus, uninvited,
His place hast usurped in his own leafy bower?
And why art thou seeking a maiden thus slighted —
Why pluck from the myrtle Love's own token flower?

Digitized by Google

Young maids call me Friendship, when hearts are in
danger;
The guardian of beauty, I stray thro' the grove:—
For, where is the maiden would banish the stranger,
Who *Friendship* to-day, may to-morrow be *Love!*

April 22*d*, 1830.

Digitized by Google

THE LYRE OF OTHER DAYS.

In pity cease that mournful strain,
I would be gay when thou art by;
For, though it be a pleasing pain
By some lone rock to sit and sigh;
Yet, 'tis no hour for sorrow now,
To childhood's scenes when fancy strays;—
Then, pass thy hand across thy brow,
And touch the lyre of other days.

Bid it recall some tale of youth
From "auld lang syne's" immortal bow'rs,
When fiction spurn'd the garb of truth,
And fairy visions all were ours;
As, wreathing roses 'mid our hair,
We fear'd not summer's noon-tide rays:—
Then, banish all that breathes of care,
And touch the lyre of other days.

Digitized by Google

Sing me that unforgotten song
That told of future prospects bright,
When, calmly as we moved along
Beneath the May-moon's crescent light,
We little dream'd we e'er should live
Pilgrims 'mid Sorrow's darkest maze;—
Then, give to song, those feelings give,
And touch the lyre of other days.

For many a year hath onward roll'd
Since last we met by moon-lit grove,
But neither hand not heart is cold,
Nor faded yet the flow'rs of love.
Or, if they prove but friendship's flow'rs,
Though foster'd by love's genial rays—
Still, back to boyhood's brightest bow'rs,
And touch the lyre of other days!

May 13th, 1829.

Digitized by Google

WE RAIL AT TIME, AND SAY HE SPEEDS.

We rail at Time, and say he speeds
Too hastily along;
For this the hermit tells his beads,
The minstrel trolls his song.
And yet, it is not Time that wings
His flight so rapidly;
Truth guides the poet when he sings,
"'Tis we, not Time, that fly."

As when the ripe grape's ruby tide
Upon our senses steals,
And, in our Bacchanalian pride,
We swear the table reels;—
E'en thus alike, from manhood's prime
To life's last parting sigh,
We chide the rapid flight of Time,
While 'tis ourselves that fly.

Digitized by Google

Ages to him are but a day, —
What now is Egypt's fame?
Pillar and pyramid decay,
Yet Time is still the same;
For, his tho' still wing, scythe, and glass,
Tho' still he soars on high,
It is not Time that flies; — alas,
'Tis we, 'tis we that fly!

April 30th, 1829.

Digitized by Google

THE MELODY OF MIRTH.

Deeds of arms and martial story,
Beauty's tones, I love ye well;
Visions fair of future glory,
Are ye not my spirit's spell?
Yet there's that which still more dearly
Weans my soul from this dull earth;—
'Tis when on mine ear full cheerly
Breaks the melody of mirth.

Shepherd, when day's toil is over,
And thou homeward wend'st thy way;
Maiden, when thou greet'st thy lover,
'Neath the bower, at close of day;
Do ye never stop to listen
Sounds to which wild joy gives birth?
What bids thus each bright eye glisten?
'Tis the melody of mirth.

Who would choose the lyre of sadness,
When the lyre of mirth is by;
Or, when round beam smiles of gladness,
Who would rather heave the sigh?

Digitized by Google

Shouting when around their mother
Infant prattlers grace the hearth,
If one sound surpass another —
'Tis the melody of mirth.

Deeds of arms and martial story,
Beauty's tones, I love ye well ;
Visions fair of future glory,
Are ye not my spirit's spell ?
Yet there's that which still more dearly
Weans my soul from this dull earth ;
'Tis when on mine ear full cheerly
Breaks the melody of mirth.

January 31*st*, 1829.

Digitized by Google

LOVE'S IDOLATRY.

Remember me, — remember me, —
Though far away I roam,
My heart will ever think of thee,
Of thee, my love, and home.
Thy sunny smile for me will beam,
Where ocean's billows roll;
And though it be but in a dream,
'Twill calm my ruffled soul.

There's beauty in the deep blue skies
Of fervid Italy,
When midnight stars, like woman's eyes,
Flash heavenly brilliancy.
There's beauty in the Grecian brow,
Light form and swelling breast;
And many a knee is seen to bow
Before a shrine so blest.

But neither star, nor brow, nor all
The gifts most valued there,
Are worth the leafy coronal
That binds thine auburn hair;

Digitized by Google

For each fair leaf is ever green,
As love's should ever be;
Changeless 'mid beauty's changeful scene,—
Then, oh! remember me!

1830.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

SONGS OF THE SEA-SIDE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

SONGS OF THE SEA-SIDE.

THE SEA!

The sea, the sea, the mighty sea!
Yet moved by every blast;
A mass of ever-restless waves,—
Magnificent and vast.
The giant, to whose glorious form
Creation's hour gave birth,
What time the Godhead bade its flood
Enzone the infant earth.
The monarch of a thousand shores,
The fetterless, the free;
The sleepless guardian of the world—
The sea, the mighty sea!

Digitized by Google

The sea, the sea, the summer sea!
No tempests o'er it sweep;
But, calm as childhood's gentle rest,
The placid waters sleep.
The nautilus's mimic pride
The balmy breezes greet;
Lo! where he sets his purple sail,
And steers his fairy fleet!
The sunset cloud, the crescent moon,
The rock, the tower, the tree,
Mirror'd in magic beauty seem —
The sea, the summer sea!

The sea, the sea, the southern sea!
Where bloom Australian groves,
Amid whose wilds, with haughty tread,
The stately emu roves;
Where, far away from hope and home,
The lawless exile sails,
And, as he nears his prison isle,
Dear England oft bewails; —
For verdant meads and friends beloved
Are there, and festive glee;
But other scenes for him o'ercloud
The sea, the southern sea!

Digitized by Google

The sea, the sea, the winter sea !
When storm-clouds are abroad,
And tempests howl and billows rise,
And nature's self is awed.
The thunder rolls, the lightnings flash,
The skies in anger frown,
While, 'mid the elemental strife,
The shattered ship goes down.
For 'tis indeed an hour of awe,
Bow'd head and bended knee,
When death, with shadowy footstep, treads
The sea, the winter sea !

The sea, the sea, the western sea !
Cradle of Freedom's ark ;
O'er whose green waves Spain's daring sons
First steered her infant bark.
Hope's glorious spirit urged them on,
As at the prow she stood,
And Glory, with her sunny smile,
Lit up the subject flood.
But freedom's oak, a sapling then,
Is now a towering tree ;
And many a kindred spirit hails
The sea, the western sea !

Digitized by Google

The sea, the sea, the mighty sea!
Yet moved by every blast;
A mass of ever-restless waves, —
Magnificent and vast.
The giant, to whose glorious form
Creation's hour gave birth,
What time the Godhead bade its flood
Enzone the infant earth;
The monarch of a thousand shores,
The fetterless, the free;
The sleepless guardian of the world —
The sea, the mighty sea!

February 26*th*, 1830.

Digitized by Google

THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE.

(MUSIC BY WILLIAMS.)

To Britain's glorious walls of oak,
Fill high the patriot glass;
To all who spurn oppression's yoke,
Round let the bumper pass!
And, lo! where Freedom's flag appears,
Queen of the subject seas;—
"The flag that's braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!"

The despot czar of Russian hordes
His millions may enchain;
Base slaves for whom, as for their lords,
Fair Freedom dawns in vain.
But not where Britain's flag she rears,
Proud of her subject seas;
"The flag that's braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze."

Digitized by Google

O'er many a scene of purple war,
From India's cocoa-bowers,
Hath victory's banner beam'd afar,
To Saragossa's towers.
Nor least where her proud flag she rears
High o'er her subject seas;
"The flag that's braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze."

And now to Britain's "walls of oak"
The blushing bumper drain;
And, spurning stern oppression's yoke,
We'll add, "the mighty main!"
For, lo! where Freedom's flag appears,
Queen of the subject seas;
"The flag that's braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!"

April 1831.

Digitized by Google

AT THE SUN-SET HOUR.

At the sunset hour,
By the sunset tree,
Ere the stars give a light,
Or the moon shines bright;
Too late for day, too soon for night, —
Then come to me.

Where the forest's pride
Lonely stands and free,
With its gnarled root,
And its acorn fruit,
Of by-gone ages record mute —
There come to me.

When its leaves the flower
Closes on the lea;
And the butterfly sleeps
Where the lily weeps,
And night's first watch the bee-bird* keeps —
Then come to me.

* A peculiar species of evening moth, so called by the country people in some parts of England.

Digitized by Google

Where the streamlets glide
Onward to the sea,
While the distant roar
Of its waves on the shore
The peaceful vale floats sweetly o'er —
There come to me.

May 1830.

Digitized by Google

BRING ROSES OF THE DEWY MORN.

Bring roses of the dewy morn,
The white rose and the red,
Ere fall the pearl-drop from the thorn,
Or one frail charm be fled.
For they are types of what I was
In youth's delicious hour,
Ere sorrow dimm'd the magic glass
Of love's enchanted bower.

'Twas on a morn as fresh as fair,
My lover's bonny bark,
Like some proud bird of plumage rare,
Rode o'er the billows dark.
And I am gazing, day by day,
Upon the changeful sea,
But still my truant sails away,
Nor homeward comes to me.

Bring roses of the sultry noon,
The white rose and the red;
They're fading, will be faded soon,
Ere night they will be dead.

Digitized by Google

Yet are they symbols, good and true,
Of that which I am now ; —
My cheek has lost its healthy hue,
And gladness flies my brow.

For it is sad to sit alone
On the dull ocean shore ;
To hear the tempest's hollow moan,
And tremble at its roar.
Yet there's a hope, in distance bright,
That still is dear to me ;
And while I own its fearful might,
I love, I love the sea !

January 28*th*, 1831.

Digitized by Google

THE SMUGGLERS' SONG.

FOR THREE VOICES.

FIRST VOICE.

Comrades, not a single star
  Twinkles in the stormy sky;
Not a gleam our work to mar,
  As the muffled oars we ply.
To the shore, without delay,
  Hasten o'er the billows dark.

SECOND VOICE.

Hark! Hark!

THIRD VOICE.

'Tis but the bark
  Of the watch-dog far away.

FIRST VOICE.

Who, than we, more blithe and free,
  Bid the cautious sail expand?
Yet, alike on shore or sea,
  Who, than we, a bolder band?
Let's away, then, o'er the wave
  Ere the dawn of morning blush.

Digitized by Google

SECOND VOICE.

Hush! Hush!

THIRD VOICE.

'Tis but the rush
Of the wild winds from yon cave.

FIRST VOICE.

Comrades, list! — that whistle shrill
Tells us that our friends are near;
Once upon yon beacon-hill,
And we're of the land-sharks clear,
To the shore, without delay,
Hasten o'er the billows dark.

SECOND VOICE.

Hark! Hark!

THIRD VOICE.

'Tis but the bark
Of the watch-dog far away.

February 20th, 1831.

Digitized by Google

THE ROVER'S SONG.

LAND of the mountain, flood, and fell,
Vale and fountain — fare thee well!
Rife with pleasure though you be,
My heart's treasure sails the sea.

There, when morning, blithe and fair,
Brings to others toil and care,
Speed we gaily o'er the waves —
Seldom tyrants, never slaves!

Talk of freedom — who more free,
Sons of ocean, than are we?
Every climate, every shore
Gives their produce — who wants more?

Talk of conquest's flag of fame,
Vanquished nations, glory's name;
Waves our banner, fair and free,
And our empire is — the sea!

Hark! a tyrant's mad command
Bids rebellion wave his wand;

Digitized by Google

Thrones are vacant, heroes fly,
Revolution sweepeth by!

Then o'er ocean glory sees
Our free canvass court the breeze,
And, while monarchs lie discrown'd,
Sails the rover safe and sound.

Land of mountain, flood, and fell,
Vale and fountain, then farewell!
Rife with pleasure though you be,
My heart's treasure sails the sea.

November 15*th*, 1830.

Digitized by Google

AWAKE, LOVE! AWAKE, LOVE!

Awake, love! awake, love!
And look on the stormy sea;
'Tis dark below, 'tis dark above,
And the wind whistles loud o'er the lea.

What see'st thou, what see'st thou,
Where swells yon foamy wave?
By the lightning-flash, look, look on it now —
'Tis the bark of the sailor brave!

And hark there! and hark there!
'Tis the sound of the signal-gun;
'Tis the voice of hope winged on by despair —
Is the web of his destiny spun?

Yet fear not! yet fear not!
I still see his bark's lone form,
By the beacon-light of the well-known cot,
Steer'd on, how she buffets the storm!

Digitized by Google

And look, love! and look, love!
His foot is e'en now on the shore;
'Tis dark below, 'tis dark above,
But thy sailor is thine once more!

October 25th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

I LOOKED ON THE WATERS.—A DUET.

(MUSIC BY H. R. PHILLIPS.)

FIRST VOICE.

I LOOKED on the waters — all calmly they lay;
And a light bark full proudly was bounding away;
Love sat at the helm, the sails courted the wind,
While heedlessly Pleasure and Beauty reclined.

SECOND VOICE.

I looked on the waters — the billows rose high,
Love quitted the helm, Pleasure fled with a sigh;
The gale came on stronger, the vessel went down,
And Beauty was left there to struggle and drown.

"And thus 'tis," I said, "in the voyage of life; —
Love sits at the helm, all with Pleasure is rife;
But let only misfortune's dark billows rise high
And Beauty's deserted, to live or to die!"

March 1825.

Digitized by Google

THE UNION-JACK.

The Union-Jack of England —
How gloriously it waves!
But not where reigns a tyrant —
For when were Britons slaves?
And whether on the ocean,
Or the river it may be,
It floats, the flag of glory, —
The banner of the free.

The Union-Jack of England!
I love its stripe of blue;
And though I love its crimson,
I love its white one, too.
The blue of Hope is telling —
Hope ever fair and bright; —
The crimson emblems Valour;
Peace claims the spotless white.

The Union-Jack of England!
Long may it rule the main!
And should the voice of honour
Its aid demand again, —

Digitized by Google

Still may it, proud as ever,
In conquest walk the sea;
The envy of the nations —
The banner of the free.

July 11th, 1831.

Digitized by Google

THE BANNER THAT FLOATS ON THE MAIN.

In the might of its fury the tempest sweeps by,
And the ocean is dark as the grave;
Not a star, as a beacon, shines forth in the sky
For the sailor that travels the wave.
Who answers the winds, 'mid the shrouds as they sing,
Who smiles as they threaten in vain?
'Tis the Briton that's true to his country and king,
And the banner that floats on the main —
And the banner that floats, and the banner that floats,
And the banner that floats on the main!

No tempest of ocean's dark billows fear we,
Safe at home with the friends that we love;
And still with that home we contented will be,
Nor e'er from its friends wish to rove.
Yet, as pleasure's fair flowrets around us upspring,
We'll bumper the crystal again,
To the Briton that's true to his country and king,
And the banner that floats on the main —

Digitized by Google

And the banner that floats, and the banner that floats,
And the banner that floats on the main!

But should we e'er stray, amid Spain's orange-bowers,
With the genius of love and romance,
Or sing, as we twine, for the goddess of flowers,
The vine and the myrtle of France; —
Still, still, as to memory's home-feelings we cling,
We'll fill the bright glass with champagne,
To the Briton that's true to his country and king,
And the banner that floats on the main —
And the banner that floats, and the banner that floats,
And the banner that floats on the main!

February 5th, 1832.

Digitized by Google

I SAW HER IN HER NOON OF PRIDE.

I saw her in her noon of pride,
With flag and sail unfurled;
How gloriously she stemm'd the tide—
The seaman's wingèd world.
For, once upon the ocean wave,
In all her gallant trim,
Though cannons roar and tempests rave,
She is the world to him.

I saw her when she faced her foes,
I heard the mighty strife;
As England's victor shout arose,
And woke her into life.
And who that once has seen, can e'er
Forget, that glorious day,
When all was dared that man may dare
For Britain's ocean sway?

Digitized by Google

And now I see her once again,
A thing of life and hope;
For, though no more she walks the main,
With England's foes to cope —
Still floats she, with her flag of power,
'Neath heav'n's ethereal dome,
In sickness', as in glory's hour,
The seaman's guardian home.

January 4th, 1831.

Digitized by Google

THE MUSIC OF THE SEA.

Sweet is Music's soothing sound,
Breathing peace on all around;
Whether heard, at evening's close,
'Mid the leaflets of the rose;
Or where, rock and shingle o'er,
Break the billows on the shore;
For the sweetest far to me
Is the music of the sea.

Sweet it is to hear, at morn,
The blithe linnet on the thorn;
Or, as light she trips along,
Village maiden's rural song,
Cheering the lone pilgrim's way;—
Sweet the "watch-dog's honest bay;"
But the sweetest still to me
Is the music of the sea.

Hark! the hunter's horn!—how sweet,
From the forest's green retreat,

Digitized by Google

As upon the ear they fall,
Are its notes — how musical!
Yes! there's music in the vale;
Yes! there's music in the gale;
But the sweetest far to me
Is the music of the sea.

There is music in the breeze,
As it waves the aspen-trees;
There is music in the rill —
There is music on the hill,
Where the laughing children meet,
Beautiful, I own, and sweet: —
But the sweetest still to me
Is the music of the sea.

April 8th, 1831.

Digitized by Google

THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN.

Wilt thou o'er the wave with me,
Leaving home and friends behind,
In far lands beyond the sea,
Other friends and home to find?
If thou wilt, then, ere the day
Slumber 'neath night's mantle dark,
To the sea-side come away,
Hope and Love shall speed our bark.

There's an isle amid the waves;
On that isle there stands a fane;
'Tis of Hymen — and his slaves
Freedom seldom know again.
Yet the chains he throws around
Each and all, are formed of flowers,
Making it such fairy ground,
Few are found to spurn its bowers.

And should, chance, some truant pair,
Of that fane the rites despise,
Loathsome blooms each flowret fair, —
Pleasure's smiles are turned to sighs.

Digitized by Google

But when kindred bosoms meet,
Like twin brooklets on the lea,
All around is fair and sweet, —
Come, then, o'er the wave with me!

February 22*d*, 1831.

Digitized by Google

OUR PATRIOT KING!

God preserve our patriot King!
O'er us long in peace to reign,
While his faithful subjects sing —
"Rule, Britannia rule the main!"
Where the flag of Britain flows,
Like a meteor, o'er the waves,
Every breast with valour glows —
"Britons never shall be slaves!"

Calm and meek, in peaceful hour,
Float her vessels on the sea;
But should war's stern tempests lour,
How each plume would ruffled be!
To the mast the colours nail,
Clear the deck, each shot must tell;
See! the foe again sets sail,
Owning Britain's victor spell.

God preserve our patriot king!
O'er us long in peace to reign;
While his faithful subjects sing —
"Rule, Britannia rule the main!"

Digitized by Google

Where the flag of Britain flows,
Like a meteor, o'er the waves,
Every breast with valour glows—
"Britons never shall be slaves!"

August 15th, 1831.

Digitized by Google

THE MINSTREL'S GRAVE.

I LOOKED upon the ocean,—
All restless was its motion,
For tempests raved above;
Anon, I saw its billow
All calm as childhood's pillow
Or as the weeping willow
That shades the tomb of Love.

And, when "the fitful fever
Of life" is o'er, still ever
Be mine the ocean-steep;
And, where the fount is welling,
And where the wave is swelling,
Within my narrow dwelling,
As calmly may I sleep.

February 20th, 1832.

Digitized by Google

BEAUTIFUL OCEAN! BEAUTIFUL OCEAN!

Beautiful ocean! beautiful ocean!
When will the pleasure thou givest me cease?
Not while I gaze on thy billows' wild motion,
Nor when those billows calm slumber in peace.

Beauty is on thee when dawneth the morning;
Beauty is on thee when gloweth the noon;
Sunset but cometh thy wild waves adorning, —
Bright in thy beauty thou courtest the moon.

Hark! to the forest! how louder and louder
Winter's stern tempests are howling away;
Yet they but make thy proud beauty the prouder,
Vesting thy breakers in mantles of spray.

Ocean, I love thee, shall love thee for ever; —
Sweetest of music to me is thy roar;
And when at last we are fated to sever,
Fain would I sleep on thy beautiful shore.

June 14th, 1831.

Digitized by Google

I'LL RETURN, I'LL RETURN, LOVE, TO THEE.

I go where honour calls me,
'Tis to the battle-plain;
No fear of death appals me,
Or but appals in vain:
But when the strife is over,
And conquest greets the free,
Not the warrior, but the lover,
I'll return, love, unto thee;
I'll return, I'll return, love, to thee.

It may be mine the billow,
The storm, perchance, to dare;
As thou, on thy lone pillow,
Art breathing forth a prayer: —
But when the storm is over,
And calmly sleeps the sea,
Oh! then, no more a rover,
I'll return, love, unto thee;
I'll return, I'll return, love, to thee.

Digitized by Google

The summer will be coming,
With sunshine and with flowers;
Alas! 'twill find me roaming
Through dark and distant bowers:—
But when the summer's over,
And the sear leaf quits the tree;
With the curlew and the plover,
I'll return, love, unto thee;
I'll return, I'll return, love, to thee.

November 5th, 1831.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

LEAP-YEAR.

(MUSIC BY BLEWITT.)

TAKE heed, take heed — 'tis leap-year, girls;
Cupid is out, with his hawk and lure;
And, o'er his head as that lure he whirls,
'Tis you, pretty maidens, he'd fain secure.
If the quarry take wing, why, the hawk will fly,
As quick in ken and as swift in speed;
And if he but strike, you are sure to die; —
When hawks are abroad — take heed, take heed.

Take heed, take heed — 'tis leap-year, girls;
For, as you wander, now there, now here,
Looking so sly thro' your ringlet curls,
Maidens, believe me, there's danger near.

Digitized by Google

Oh! cool are the breezes, and bright the sky,
Still, whether woodland you seek or mead,
If the hawk but strike, you are sure to die:—
And hawks are abroad — so, girls, take heed.

Take heed, take heed — 'tis leap-year, girls;
As many, ere long, to their cost will know,
When Cupid his banner of conquest furls,
And treads, with a smile, on each broken vow.
For, tho', as a fowler, his hawk he'll fly,
Of the warrior's bow is his arrow's speed;
And if either strike, you are sure to die:—
Then — arrow or hawk — take heed, take heed.

February 8th, 1832.

Digitized by Google

SCOTLAND'S BLUE-EYED FAIR.

(MUSIC BY LUFF.)

OH! good and fair, with sunny hair,
Whose bosoms know nor guile nor care;
And, like the flow'ret of the moor,
Nor court the rich, nor spurn the poor:
I've beauty seen where waves the vine,
But Scotland's blue-eyed fair be mine.

I've seen the dark-eyed maids of Spain
Heave the full breast, nor heave in vain;
I've heard the voice of beauty tell
Of love and glory's magic spell:
Search France or Spain, in shower or shine,
But Scotland's blue-eyed fair be mine.

September 1st, 1830.

Digitized by Google

THE LANCASHIRE WITCH.

If beauty e'er hover'd round woman's red lip,
A glass to the ladies of Lancashire fill;
And who of love's goblet refuses to sip,
May he live a dull, dreary, old bachelor still.
Not mine the ambition of splendour or fame,
I seek in the temple of glory no niche;
One treasure alone of kind Heaven I claim—
And that is the love of a Lancashire Witch.

I've gazed on the ladies of France and of Spain,
And if I have smiled on them all for the time,
It is but because, and denial were vain,
I love the dear creatures whatever their clime.
Yet still, if permitted by fortune to choose,
For life, a companion from all I have seen,
Tho' the olive and vine were the theme of my muse,
I'd wed but the lass with the kirtle of green.

There's beauty in Erin; and e'en the bleak north,
With moorland and rock, boasts the sunshine of eyes;

Digitized by Google

And beauty blue Italy's waters send forth —
But Italy's beauty beams, flashes, and dies.
But where the fast-fading of face and of form
The mind's lasting beauties are found to enrich,
Oh! there would I live, tho' the child of the storm,
If blest with the love of my Lancashire Witch.

Kendal, September 25th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

(COMPOSED BY BLEWITT.)

A Passion-flower
In Beauty's bower
'Mid other flow'rets blew;
But none were there
Of form so fair,
Or of so bright a hue.
And, oh! that flower
Of Beauty's bower,
That Passion-flower was you.
Yes, you, love, you—
That fair, bright flower was you.

With envy flushed,
The red rose blushed
Amid her tears of dew;
For, bright as love,
That rose above,
One graceful flow'ret grew.
And, oh! that flower
Of Beauty's bower,
That graceful flower was you.

Digitized by Google

Yes, you, love, you—
That one bright flower was you.

With trembling hand,
And accents bland
As lovers breathe when true,
That flower I won
Ere set of sun,
And bade the rose adieu.
And, oh! that flower
Of Beauty's bower,
That bridal flower was you.
Yes, you, love, you—
That flower I won was you.

March 14*th*, 1831.

Digitized by Google

'TWAS NOT 'NEATH FASHION'S SPLENDID DOME.

'Twas not 'neath fashion's splendid dome
I led her forth to dance;
Nor was it mid the titled throng
I met her ardent glance;
But where the lady moon alone
Lights up the rural bower,
I saw her tread the daisied turf,
And owned Love's magic power.

'Twas with a smile, grief ne'er had touched,
She spoke of hope and home;
And said she loved her own sweet cot
Far more than fashion's dome.
And yet, when next we met, bright lamps
Lit up a princely hall;
And she I loved mid rural bowers
Led off the splendid ball.

We met, indeed; but, oh! how changed
Her glance! how cold it seemed
To that which, erst, in happier hours,
With Love's own fervour beamed!

Digitized by Google

And could it be her *heart* had changed,
That heart so fond, so free?
Ah, no! that heart beat still the same,
But dared not beat for *me*.

Another, in his pride of wealth,
Had sighed, and sued, and won;
And his was now the ardent glance,
And his the siren tone.
But still, methought, as met our eyes
Amid the gay quadrille,
Each read a silent sorrow there
True love alone can feel.

May 30th, 1831.

Digitized by Google

THE BRIDEMAID.

Of the tear and the smile of her sister bereft,
Alone in her chamber the bridemaid is left;
For the friend of her bosom, most cherished, is now
Another's for ever in heart and in vow.

She has torn from her boddice the single blush-rose,
Her cheek's only rival, so warmly it glows;
And e'en the rose-garland, her tresses that bound,
All pale and neglected now lies on the ground.

Her fingers to music have woke her guitar,
But far from her feelings its music—oh, far!
She heeds not, she hears not the sound—for the spell
Of friendship and sorrow, what music may tell?

But friendship's vain teardrops are passing away,—
And thoughts of the future burst forth into day,
When, pure as the one she hath worn, and as fair,
For *her* the rose-garland *another* may wear.

June 30th, 1831.

Digitized by Google

THE SPRING-TIDE OF LIFE.

Let us wander, let us wander,
In the Spring-tide of the year,
Where the crystal streams meander
Through the valley, calm and clear;
For autumnal winds will whistle
When the summer's past away,
And the withered leaf and thistle
In the hollow blast will play.

Let us wander, let us wander,
In the sweet Spring-tide of life,
When the world with love and candour
Seems pre-eminently rife;
For the stars, that brightly sparkle
In its sky, will fade at last,
And that sky itself will darkle,
When life's sweet Spring-tide be past.

February 12th, 1831.

Digitized by Google

THE BLOSSOMS OF HOPE.

Hope's beautiful blossoms — why bloom they not now
As bright as they did in our earlier years?
I look on the violets — as sweetly they blow
As when I first o'er them wept Infancy's tears;
But the blossoms of hope, sweet and beautiful still,
Have lost all the freshness of life's early morn:
For theirs is the promise they never fulfil —
The rose of the garden that blooms o'er the thorn.

Yet, spite of the thorns, we can roses supply
To garland the temple of beauty or love;
But who on the blossoms of hope may rely,
Still ever the reach of her victims above?
We grasp at the branch that seems nearest at hand,
When, lo! ere we gain it, it withers away;
While others above us as verdant expand,
As temptingly fair, but as swift to decay.

Thus, in the bright regions of fairy romance,
A bird of the gayest of plumage is found,

Digitized by Google

Whose rainbow-like wings, in the sun as they
glance,
Irradiate a halo of beauty around;
Yet never has mortal one beautiful gleam
Borne away, e'en when hovering the nearest to
earth;—
For, oh! 'tis the bird of the skies, and each beam
That lights up its wings owes to Heaven its birth.

March 15th, 1831.

Digitized by Google

PRETTY BABY, SMILE AGAIN.

Pretty baby, smile again :—
There's a charm in that blue eye
Europe's wealth would strive in vain
From thy mother's arms to buy.
What to her the purest pearl
Sent from ocean's fairy cave?
So she's still her blue-eyed girl,
Ocean's pearls let others have.

On thy cheek the rose of spring
Blushes bright and fair bestows;
Lilies o'er thy forehead fling
All their wealth of floral snows.
Angels guard thy cradled sleep,
As they watch thee from above;
Hush thee, then,—why, baby, weep?
'Tis a mother's kiss of love!

True, the time may come when each
Fairy flow'r shall pass away;
Grief and care e'en thee may reach,
Ere beams forth life's summer day.

Digitized by Google

Still, while green its vernal bower,
Prematurely why complain?
Pleasure gilds the present hour —
Pretty baby, smile again.

January 5th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

THE BROKEN-HEART.

They say she of consumption died;
But there was one, who knelt
Her weary couch of pain beside,
That other influence felt.
He marked the eye, each throb between,
Still seek Love's letter'd chart;
And then he thought of one he'd seen
Die of a broken heart.

In vain the aid of med'cine came —
It could not heal the mind;
'Twas but what to the dead is fame,
Or sunshine to the blind.
A steady trust in Heaven's high will
May soothe affliction's smart;
But even Hope hath lost its skill
To cheer a broken heart.

I've gazed on many a battle-field,
Where dead and dying lay,
And, as I felt my spirits yield,
Have sadly turned away;

Digitized by Google

But never saw I one so calm
From hope and life depart.
Oh, Death! thou art the only balm
To soothe a broken heart.

October 25th, 1831.

Digitized by Google

CANNA YE GANG YER GATE, LADDIE?

Canna ye gang yer gate, laddie?
Canna ye gang yer gate?
Mither's expectin' me hame, laddie,
An' I maunna mak mither wait.

But, gin ye'll detain me nae mair,
I swear by the dew-draps bright,
At the burn o' the birken shaw
I'll meet ye the morrow night.

An' I'll bring ye a red rowan wreath,
An' I'll lilt ye a hieland sang,
As ower the muir we stray,
Or sit the blue heather amang.

But as for a kiss o' the lip,
I canna, I winna, the day;
Yet na the less leal is Luve,
Because he is taught to say—Nay!

Digitized by Google

Then canna ye gang yer gate, laddie ?
Oh ! canna ye gang yer gate ?
For mither's expectin' me hame, laddie,
An' I maunna mak mither wait.

November 29th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

THE EXILE'S TEAR.

A PARODY.

Corruption's dark misrule
Has banished him his home;
And he has left his father-land,
Through other lands to roam.
Yet, as he quits each spot
To youth, to manhood dear,
He sighs, in bitterness of soul,
And wipes away a tear.

Oh! it is sad to part
From childhood's early friends;
Nor least when many a by-gone joy
With present sorrow blends.

Digitized by Google

And where is he with heart
So callous, cold, and sear,
Who lifts not to his brow his hand,
And wipes away a tear.

He sails for other climes,
For climes beyond the sea;
And he may rove 'mid brighter bowers,
And blithe and happy be.
But when Canadian storms
Round his rude hut career,
Oh! *then* the Exile thinks of home,
And wipes away a tear.

April 18th, 1832.

Digitized by Google

THE FAREWELL.

England! farewell to thee, land of my fathers!
Who against Destiny's might may rebel?
Darker, and darker, around the night gathers—
Land of my fathers, I bid thee farewell.
'Tis not the quitting the mountain and valley,
Scenes of my childhood, that now bids me weep;
But 'tis to leave thee, my ever dear Sally,
By the pale lamp thy lone vigils to keep.

What tho' the land, where I soon may be roving,
Prove, like my own father-land, fair and free;
Shall I *there* find one so faithful, so loving,
Maid of my bosom, as *thou* art to *me*?
Night's sombre mantle hath spread o'er the billows;
On speeds the bark, like a bird on the wing:
Memory flits homeward, where calm on their pillows
Slumber the friends of my youth's happy spring.

Yet shall the heart that has seldom, if ever,
Quail'd at the presence of danger, quail now?
Distance life's dearest connexions may sever,—
But can it banish hope's smile from the brow?

Digitized by Google

Darker and darker around the night gathers;
Higher and higher the wild billows swell.
England! farewell then, loved land of my fathers,—
Land of my fathers' forefathers, farewell!

April 24th, 1832.

Digitized by Google

THE PARTING GIFT.

'Tis o'er, 'tis o'er! down, throbbing heart!
Love's last vow hath been spoken;
And, pledge of truth, when lovers part,
The red gold hath been broken.
But will he, as he rides the deep,
His hands to Heaven uplift,
And think, ere Memory yields to sleep,
Of her who gave and bade him keep
Affection's parting gift?

I felt my burning bosom swell,
Yet shed I not a tear;
For there's a grief no tears may tell —
That grief is centred here.
Here, in this bosom's inmost shrine,
Like some thrice-hallow'd thing,
It sleeps; or, as in fairy mine,
Some charmed fount, till spell divine
Unlock the crystal spring.

Digitized by Google

But when alone I sought the vale
Where we so oft had stray'd;
As ocean wave and forest gale
For us sweet music made —
And seated 'neath our favorite tree,
I laved my fever'd brow,
Oh! then it was that first for me
Flow'd the heart's fountain, full and free —
What soothes my sorrows now?

Is it to list the forest breeze,
Or sea-wave, minstrel rover?
Alas! their voice no more may please —
Their music sweet is over.
Yet would I sit where frowns the steep,
And to my lips uplift
The ring I fondly vowed to keep
For love of one who ploughs the deep —
Affection's parting gift!

April 30th, 1832.

Digitized by Google

THE CALM.

A calm, a calm, a tedious calm!
And Britain still in sight;
How often have we turned to her,
And bid her shores "Good-night!"
Yet still, when beams the ruddy morn,
'Tis ours her shores to see,
And sunset only comes to find
Them still upon our lee.

'Tis sad to leave our native land,
And trust ourselves to fate;
And sad it is at home to sit,
Care-worn and desolate.
But sadder to the soul it is,
When these away are past,
To sit and hear the sullen sail,
Flap, flap, against the mast.

The pilot quits the idle helm,
And lounges to and fro;
The ship-boy whistles from the shrouds,
The boatswain from the bow.

Digitized by Google

The weary passengers once more
Their anxious eyes upcast;
But still the sullen sail is heard
Flap, flap, against the mast.

Oh! for a breese, a gale, a storm,
The sluggish sails to fill;
Alas! a calm, a tedious calm
Holds back the vessel still.
And ever, as we greet the morn,
The self-same shores we see;
And sunset only comes to find
Them still upon our lee.

May 1st, 1832.

Digitized by Google

WEEP, MITHER, WEEP.

Weep, mither, weep nae mair for me,
I hae but left the hame I loe,
To seek a hame ayont the sea,
For luve o' him, my faithfu' Joe.

For twa lang years he's sought my hand,
Wi sang sae sweet and tone sae kind;
And shall he tread a stranger strand,
And his ain Jenny leave behind?

Na, mither, na — it maunna be,
Alone he maunna gang awa;
Then let's thegither cross the sea,
Thegither share whate'er befa.

Fu weel I ken, nae mair for me
May throb wi joy a mither's heart;
Sair is the thought, nor yet less sair
The hour o' doul in which we part.

Digitized by Google

Oh! lo'ed in childhood's hours o' glee,
When nae fand smile, save thine, could cheer:
But mine is now, where faems the sea,
To deem anither's smile as dear.

Yet is there ane, ane, mither, still
To guide thy steps and kiss thy brow;
Life's cup wi honey-draps to fill —
Brither, that ane, that ane art thou!

Then, mither, weep nae mair for me,
I hae but left the hame I loe,
To seek a hame ayont the sea,
Wi him, mine ain, fand, faithfu' Joe.

May 24th, 1832.

Digitized by Google

THE BREEZE.

A breeze is on the waters,
It freshens to a gale!
Once more we tread the ocean
With wet and swelling sail.
The surging waves are foaming,
With crests like winter snows,
And buoyantly and gallantly
Away the vessel goes.

The pliant masts are bending,
The crew are on the deck;
Farewell to merry England,
Now dwindling to a speck!
A dark speck mid the waters
Is now our Island home;
But Freedom's flag is waving still,
Where'er her sons may roam.

Our hearts are like our vessel,
Prepared for shower or shine;
And whether calm or tempest,
'Twere idle to repine.

Digitized by Google

The hand that bids the ocean
Roll on its whelming wave,
Is ever near us, mid the storm,
To succour and to save.

And for thee, bark of beauty,
With all thy sails unfurled,
Bearing the lonely exile
Where smiles another world ; —
May that same hand protect thee,
When, o'er the stormy main,
'Tis thine, with homeward helm, to steer
For England's shores again !

June 21st, 1832.

Digitized by Google

LAND!

How wearily, how wearily,
Doth day to day succeed!
Oh, for the time when cheerily
The hours along shall speed!
When, far from these dark fogs away,
Our sails once more expand;
And, with the first faint dawn of day,
We ask, "Can that be land?"

Speed on, my gallant bark, speed on,
Where brighter waves rejoice;
Where never fog-horn's drowsy tone
Exerts its warning voice.
Speed on; and, as the vapoury veil
Gives way to skies more bland,
And fresher breezes, catch the gale,
And glad our hearts with — "Land!"

'Tis morn once more: the sun comes forth,
And from a cloudless sky;
The late-fear'd ice-bergs of the north
Are pass'd unheeded by.

Digitized by Google

For gaily now, as wearily
Before, Hope waves her wand;
And merrily and cheerily
We hail the shout of — "Land!"

November 19th, 1833.

Digitized by Google

THE ARRIVAL.

Another brief and breezy hour,
And what is now a speck
Will break upon us, rock and bower,
The proud, far-famed Quebec.

Based on a cliff, abrupt and high,
The glorious city stands;
Well may the flag of Liberty
Wave o'er her free-born bands.

A barrier 'gainst assailing foes,
Nor all unknown to song,
On either side a river flows,
In conscious pride, along.

And who, if Britain be his home,
Feels not a patriot spell
Of glory o'er his spirit come,
As yon proud citadel

Digitized by Google

Smiles on him from its rock-based walls
Where glory lingers yet?
The memory of the dead recalls
Deeds time shall ne'er forget.

But hushed is now the trump of war,
And mute the voice of fame;
For commerce bids her rising star
E'en that of glory shame.

Rays, not of conquest's crimson hours,
Now greet our sunny sail;
But visions of Canadian bowers
The sons of commerce hail.

November 19*th*, 1833.

Digitized by Google

THE WELCOME.

Oh, welcome to our Western world,
Child of a kindred shore!
Give to thy father-land a sigh,
And think of it no more.
Or if, at times, sweet memories
Should o'er thy spirit come,
Remember that not England now,
But Canada's thy home.

The love of country long will twine
Its spells around the heart;
Few from the land that gave them birth,
Without a tear, depart.
For there's a feeling undefined,
A feeling pure as deep,
That hallows the green sod 'neath which
Our fathers' ashes sleep.

The scenes by old acquaintance made,
If not more fair, more dear;
The churchyard's venerable yew,
The burn, still bright and clear;

Digitized by Google

The playmates of our youth, the fields
Through which we used to roam —
These and a thousand things of love
Endear to us our home.

There may be evils multiform
Weighing the peasant down:
The overseer's too-late relief,
The magisterial frown.
But love of country still prevails —
He works with heart and hand;
The soil he tills, the air he breathes,
Are of his native land!

But, exile, they are thine no more: —
The over-peopled hive
Sends forth its swarm, upon the flowers
Of other climes to live.
Millions of acres, hill and vale,
Without one palace-dome,
Wait but the axe and spade where smiles
The emigrant's new home.

What cannot perseverance do,
And hope, of freedom born?

Digitized by Google

The prairie, late a desert waste,
Now waves with golden corn.
Rich meadows from the cold morass
Are starting into life;
And bosoms, once a prey to grief,
With happiness are rife.

Whether where apple-orchards bloom,
Or where the southern vine
Its amorous tendrils bids around
The blushing peach entwine:
Where'er thy bark its course may steer,
Where'er thy foot may roam,
Remember that, not England now,
But Canada's thy home.

Vast inland lakes,— whose waves, how calm
Soe'er their summer sleep,
Are ocean's when the giant storms
Of winter o'er them sweep,—
Burst on thy view; and boundless wastes,
Far as the eye may scan,
Fresh from the hand of nature: and
For whom — unless for man?

Digitized by Google

How rosily on flood and fell
The laughing morning breaks;
How waves the forest pine beside
"The River of the Lakes!"
All that is beautiful and bright
Of dryad, sylph, or gnome,
In rich profusion smile around
Fair Freedom's western home.

Day has departed — the bright eyes
Of night are shining forth;
Whilst o'er the broad horizon flash
The stream-lights of the north.
All, all is silence; or if chance
A sound the scene pervades,
'Tis of the voice of waters from
"The Isle of the Cascades."

Thou may'st not find wealth's golden mine:
Still, should contentment bless
The forest exile, why repine? —
Wealth is not happiness.
Trust me, there's not a palace proud,
From Moscow on to Rome,

Digitized by Google

So free from life's worst ills as is
The Indian's forest home.

*

Poland or Spain—to either turn:
What is, alas! their fate?
This, drags in chains a tyrant's car;
That, mental bonds await.
But, sure as Heaven's unerring bolt
Levels man's proudest towers,
Shall tyranny's most poisonous plant
Give place to freedom's flowers.

Then, free from Spain's or Poland's wrongs,
Go, range or hill or glade;
Nor e'er forget, thy hope is but
The axe, the plough, the spade.
But chiefly, when thy roving thoughts
Flit o'er the wild sea-foam,
Remember that, not England now,
But Canada's thy home.

November 28th, 1833.

Digitized by Google

TIME WAS WHEN MERRY ENGLAND.

Time was when merry England
Beheld, once every year,
The gentry, at their country seats,
Dispensing festive cheer;
Bread, made of English wheaten flour;
Fat beef, all English too;
And amber ale, from barley brew'd
On English soil that grew.

Then every heart was happy,
And none was heard to say,
"Oh, were I far from my native land,
In other climes away!"
Then danced they round the May-pole tall,
And merry was the song,
However rude the verse, that laugh'd
The jocund vale along.

But now, alas! there's weeping,
And poverty and wo;
And illness sits on the pallid cheek
That once knew health's rich glow.

Digitized by Google

A chill and desolating blight,
And that from year to year,
Hath made each "heart of oak's" spring leaf
Turn prematurely sear.

Still there are noble bosoms —
Men of the olden time,
Who'll lead them back, with heart and hand,
From poverty and crime.
And many, who are exiles now
Far o'er the Western main,
May yet in merry England sing
Her merry songs again.

May 26th, 1834.

Digitized by Google

THE INVITATION.

Come, sail with me the Western sea,
And far-off bowers our home shall be;
For bowers, o'er-arched with the wildling vine,
Are blooming, love, for me and mine.
Beneath the larch, with its pendant boughs,
We'll wander, and whisper affection's vows:
And when may the vows of affection be
More true than when breathed 'neath the forest tree?

Where blossoms the cherry our heads above,
Shall melt on the ear the coo of the dove;
And ours shall be, as we wander along,
The brightest flowers, the sweetest song.
For sweet and bright are the songs and flowers
Where love lights up his forest bowers:
Then, come with me, and our home shall be
Far away, dear girl, o'er the Western sea.

March 10th, 1834.

Digitized by Google

SONG OF THE POLISH REFUGEE.

The stars lone watch are keeping,
And many an eye is weeping —
For freedom's sun is set.
Lo! where Might's vanquished martyr
Sees Poland's promised charter
Gem Russia's coronet.
Then quit what once thy country was,
Its days of pride are o'er;
Bright hours light up hope's magic glass,
Though on a far-off shore.
No galley chains there bind the free,
There frowns no prison-dome;
It is the land of liberty —
That land shall be our home.

The stars lone watch are keeping,
But eyes, so lately weeping,
Beam through no teardrop now.
Lo! where the loved and loving,
'Mid groves of white-pine roving,
See freedom in each bough.

Digitized by Google

No more the din of battle comes
From fields of patriot blood:
'Mid fairest flowers the wild-bee hums,
The light bark sails the flood.
These are the scenes that glad the free,
'Mid such who would not roam?
The land where dwelleth liberty —
That land shall be our home.

The stars lone watch are keeping,
And if bright eyes are weeping,
It is but tears of joy.
The sister greets the brother,
The father sees the mother
Smile on her sleeping boy.
In vain the winter storms career
Around the old red-beech:
Tyrant, no more thy voice of fear
Thy victims pale can reach.
No galley chains here bind the free,
Here frowns no prison-dome;
It is the land of liberty—
That land is now our home.

June 12th, 1834.

Digitized by Google

THE PLAGUE-SHIP.

E'EN in his plenitude of power
  Man stands but on a steep;
Around him blossoms pleasure's flower,
  Below him frowns the deep.
But, see! the flow'rets fair decay,
The crumbling margent falls away,
  Th' o'erclouded sun grows dim:
Yet ceases not his shout of mirth—
Dim sun, fair flow'ret, crumbling earth,
  No lesson read to him.

Freighted with many a human form,
  A gallant bark set sail;
None spoke of shipwreck, none of storm—
  Yet cheeks were wan and pale.
How many a bosom heaved the sigh,
How many a tear-drop pearled the eye,
  I know not — would not know.
Had they not left their childhood's homes
For lands where the wild Indian roams,
  And wilder waters flow?

Digitized by Google

Yet sorrow, where hope waves her wand,
Comes but a transient cloud,—
The bow of mind's mysterious land
To halo, not to shroud.
And hearts, at day-break seared and sad,
Ere e'entide beat, the gay and glad;
As many an ancient wrong,
Now that oppression's chains were riven,
Was half-forgotten, half-forgiven,
'Mid sunshine, dance, and song.

Age, with his care-worn cheek and wan;
Childhood, that laughs at care;
Beauty, that smiles, love's flame to fan,
And manhood's strength, were there.
Fresh from the wave Aurora blushed,
But lute, and song, and dance, were hushed,
And brows were sad and dark;
Round the damp sails cold vapours wreathed—
The Spirit of the Pest had breathed
On that devoted bark!

No sable bier, no churchyard grave,
No pall o'er coffin spread:

Digitized by Google

Theirs was the burial of the wave—
The tomb of ocean's dead.
When will he learn — vain-glorious man!—
How brief, how fragile is the span
Of life? how all on earth
Most prized, in one eventful day
May pass, at His command, away
To Him who gave them birth?

Yet sorrow not, misfortune's child:
The self-same Power that steers
Thy frail bark o'er the waters wild
Thy cry of anguish hears.
He chastens whom He loveth best—
E'en the pale Spirit of the Pest
In mercy walks the wave:
Where finds life's wearied pilgrim sleep;
Where wakes the mourner, not to weep;
Where, but beyond the grave?

May 28th, 1834.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

I HAVE SIGHED ON BEAUTY'S BOSOM.

I HAVE sighed on beauty's bosom,
I have worshipped beauty's brow;
And I've plucked the last pale blossom,
Where the valley-lilies grow.
When the dews of morn are sparkling
On the fair and fragrant flower;
When the clouds of eve are darkling
Round contentment's cottage bower: —
Oh! then how sweet to wander
By the woodland or the lea,
Where the crystal streams meander
As they flow on to the sea.
For, when all else forsake us,
E'en the friends most true that seem,
Come Nature's charms to wake us
From bright hope's delusive dream.

Digitized by Google

I have pledged the cup to Glory,
  I have won the phantom Fame;
And I've lived to hate the story
  That first hallowed either name.
For Glory, though she crowned me
  With Fame's wreath, and sweetly smiled;
Dark curses lower'd around me
  From the soldier's orphan child.
Oh! I would rather wander
  Where Oblivion's waters roll,
Than thus to Glory pander,
  With such curses on my soul.
For, when all else forsake us,
  E'en the friends most true that seem;
Not Glory's self should wake us
  From Oblivion's placid dream.

February 23d, 1829.

Digitized by Google

THEY TOLD HER HE HAD CEASED TO LIVE.

They told her he had ceased to live,
But said not how he fell;
A foreign soil his corse entombed,
But more they would not tell.

Yet vainly were they silent all;
Nor hint of rival hate
Gave token 'twas a murderer's brand
That seal'd his mournful fate.

For day by day she sate alone
Within her woodbine grove;
And, as the lamp of Reason waned,
Called on her absent love.

And "he would yet," she said, "return —
She knew he was not dead;
It could not be, that one so good
So soon from earth had fled."

Digitized by Google

Then would she strive to weep, but dry
Was Nature's mental spring;
Nor song of joy, nor tale of wo,
Or smile or tear could bring.

At length a pilgrim cross'd her path:
A pilgrim!—was it he
Whose treasured image in her dreams
She never failed to see?

'Twas he—but, oh! how changed was that
Proud form and eagle glance!
'Twas he—but where the warrior plume,
And where the warrior lance?

His lance was now the pilgrim staff,
His plume the pilgrim shell;
But he was still in heart the same,
Still breathed the same fond spell.

He spoke to her, he kissed her brow,
But it was marble cold;
Her lip was pale, but down her cheek
One pearly tear-drop rolled.

Digitized by Google

Another and another came ;
  Then first for five long years,
As feeling's fount gushed forth, she knew
  The luxury of tears.

Reason with tears returned, but life
  Was ebbing fast away ;
'Twas the mind's one expiring flash,
  Most radiant in decay.

He clasped her to his throbbing heart,
  And pillowed there her head ;
Then wept he, too, as lovers weep —
  He felt that she was dead !

November 8th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

APPEAL OF THE BRIGHTON BELLES;

OR,

BEAUX-BELLES *versus* NO-BELLS.

"Give us plenty of belles at Brighton, and the church-bells may go hang themselves. Beaux-belles for us against all the bells in Christendom."—Vide *Morning Herald, June* 9, 1829.—Article, "Brighton."

Yes, Brighton is a wondrous place!
And where can Youth and Beauty trace
A town more fit for wooing
Than this, upon whose bathing strand
Whole bevies of fair creatures stand
And laugh, nor heed the ruin

They deal around to each male heart,
Which, unprepared for Cupid's dart,
And fresh, perchance, from London,
Throbs with alternate hopes and fears,
And, what with sighs and what with tears,
Finds out, too late, 'tis undone?

Digitized by Google

Yet there, in truth, is many a thing
That Brighton needs, or ere she fling
The gauntlet down too boldly;
And 'tis to point out some of these
Defects I sing, and hope she'll please
To thank me, not too coldly.

Imprimis, then, there's scarce a tree —
Nay, scarce a bush, which you and me,
My friend, may haply shelter;
Whether the dog-days burn us brown,
Or, rain-o'ertaken, o'er the down
We scamper helter-skelter.

Item, there wants a public clock,
Not made the ear and eye to mock,
But one the true time shewing;
For clocks, though "only made for fools,"
To all are very useful tools
When out to dinner going.

Item, yet not the least, though last,
Of Brighton wants — and one a vast
While, too, for which we've tarried —

Digitized by Google

An importation is of bells,
To ring a peal when Brighton swells
To Brighton belles are married.

For Brighton belles, as each man knows,
Are sweeter far when joined to beaux;
Then beaux-bells hither bring us:
But hold, methinks I hear them cry —
"Bow-bells be hung! take us and try;
"You'll like us when you ring us!"

June 12th, 1829.

Digitized by Google

OH, FOR THE FAIRY HOURS OF YOUTH!

Oh, for the fairy hours of youth,
Ere Fancy's steeds were reined by Truth,
Sedate and slow! ere Caution trod,
With fearful foot, the flowery sod,
As if he deemed the verdant brake
Was only formed to hide the snake.

Then every flow'ret fairer seemed,
And every dew-drop brighter beamed.
Where Fancy led, there, blithe and free,
'Twas ours to stray; for what cared we
Whether the rainbow's beauteous birth
Was that of Heaven, or but of Earth?

But manhood came, and sober truth,
And brighter seemed the scenes of youth;
While all that Fancy's loom had traced
Of life's green vales, with beauty graced,
Though in the distance sweet they smiled,
Proved but a desert bleak and wild.

Digitized by Google

Then marvel not, if still we love
To range the meadow and the grove;
And, courting childhood's happier hours,
Crop summer weeds, and call them flowers:
Since half the flowers of manhood's fame
Are really weeds, though flowers by name.

April 27th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

THE CITIZEN KING.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

Lift the glad voice! the tyrant rules no more;
The snow-white flag no more is seen to fly;
A people's choice that people now reigns o'er—
A king, whose sway ensures them liberty.
What see I there? a despot's cuirassed bands;
Red is the lily with the blood of France.
Down with the king who spurns our just demands;
Comrades, to arms! freedom or death—advance!

Brightly o'er France beams forth the laughing morn,
Waking to life gay childhood's early song;
'Neath cloudless skies light waves the ripening corn,
And jocund peace each valley smiles along.
What hear I there? a despot's cuirassed bands;
Hark! 'tis the storm, the storm of sword and lance.
Peal, far and wide, the tocsin's loud commands;
Comrades, to arms! freedom or death—advance!

Digitized by Google

Silent the sounds, the shouts, the shrieks of death ;
But what sad sights, what ravage meet the eye !
Quail, trembling tyrants, quail yon frown beneath,
For 'tis the frown of vanquished tyranny !
What see I there ? a king, but not of slaves ;
Nor with the crimsoned lily in advance.
On each proud tower the flag of freedom waves —
A king, the people's choice, now reigns o'er France.

August 1830.

Digitized by Google

SHE IS DREAMING.

(MUSIC BY BLEWITT.)

She is dreaming, she is dreaming
Of sweet Killarney's lakes;
For memory's rays are beaming
Amid their bowers and brakes.
She thinks of childhood's morning,
When there 'twas hers to stray,
Her brow with flowers adorning,
Beside Glenà's lone bay.

Still, still the Dinah rushes
Through each romantic glen;
But feeling's fount upgushes
Not laughingly, as then.
For, though the rocks are frowning
In beauty dark and wild,
Hope's brow no more is crowning
The visions of the child.

Digitized by Google

The arbutus is waving
Its berries ripe and red;
The torrent's foam is laving
The wild rose overhead.
The hunter's horn is sounding,
The steed is scarce repress;
And swift the deer is bounding
Beneath " The Eagle's Nest."

And 'tis of these she's dreaming
Within her lonely bower,
Through which the sun-rays streaming
Noon's mellowed lustre pour.
The merchant richest treasures
Brings homeward o'er the main;
But who can bring the pleasures
Of childhood back again!

Digitized by Google

I LOVE AT EVENING'S CLOSE TO STRAY.

I LOVE at evening's close to stray
Where Nature's own fair fountains play,
And fellow-man may scarce intrude
Upon my peaceful solitude.

Not that I spurn the busy crowd,
Nor scorn its laugh, though long and loud;
But that, beneath the star-lit bower,
More genial seems the twilight hour.

'Tis not 'mid scenes of noontide mirth
The soul to love's frail flower gives birth;
'Tis by the fountain, rock, and wood —
Its nurse eve's peaceful solitude.

Yes, then, indeed, 'tis sweet to rove
Alone beneath some shady grove;
And, as around the dark pines sigh,
Forget awhile mirth's revelry.

Digitized by Google

Oh! oft within the festal hall
Does sorrow spread her gilded pall,
Whilst many a lone and secret tear
At once to love and joy are dear.

And therefore love I thus to stray
Where Nature's own fair fountains play,
And fellow-man may scarce intrude
Upon my peaceful solitude.

May 11*th*, 1827.

Digitized by Google

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

(*In Illustration of the Print, La Veuve du Soldat.*)

I saw her when she left her home,
A young — a soldier's bride,
With him in distant lands to roam,
And ever by his side;
All reckless of the mighty stir
Of war — what, *then*, was war to *her!*

She followed him by day, by night,
Companion of his toil;
She shared the glory of the fight,
The glory of the spoil;
Nor knew she danger while she moved
Near him she'd wed, near him she loved.

Yet would she oft, in memory's page,
Retrace her earlier years,
Ere sorrow, and the cares of age,
Enhanced a mother's fears;

Digitized by Google

Ere yet Time's wintry hour had spread
His snow-storms o'er a father's head.

In vain—"to arms!" the trumpet sounds;
Home, all are now forgot—
One, one alone, 'mid shrieks, 'mid wounds,
Enchains her to the spot.
But, hark, again! yon trumpet's breath
Hath bid to cease the work of death.

'Tis eve—the battle's fearful storm
Has passed away, is o'er;
Why hails she not his warrior form?—
That form she'll hail no more.
Lo! where the widow, orphan, weep,
'Tis there he sleeps his dreamless sleep.

He lay in death where he'd in life
The shock of war withstood;
There, too, his foeman's corse, all rife
With dust, with wounds, with blood;
While gory falchion fain would tell
That he had sold his life full well.

Digitized by Google

'Twas with a tearful eye she gazed
On all she still adored;
'Twas with a trembling hand she raised
Aloft the fatal sword;
"And is this all," she said and sighed,
"That now remains of valour's pride?

"Yet take it, boy, the time may come
When rapine, haply, war,
Shall e'en invade our peaceful home,
And all its beauties mar;
Oh, may it then, a happier brand,
Grace thine, as once, thy father's hand!"

I saw her quit the sickening scene,
Homeward she bent her way;
There smiled her native meadows green,
There all was blithe and gay;
There stood, as erst, her parent's cot,
Unchanged—alas! how changed *her* lot.

Then first she smiled the smile of joy,
For hope her grief beguiled;
And now she kissed her orphan boy,
And now her infant child;

Digitized by Google

Full deep her inmost soul was riven,
Yet bowed she to the will of Heaven.

For still, amid her smiles, a sigh
At times her bosom heaved;
Still sorrow's tear-drop dimmed her eye,
In secret still she grieved;
Friends, parents, home, all, all were vain—
Her home was on the battle-plain.

January 1826.

Digitized by Google

AND IS IT THUS THOU LOVEST ME?

And is it thus thou lovest me
All earthly things above?
And am I worthy thus from thee
To win so pure a love?
Are not the fires that fiercest burn
The soonest to decay?
And can I then those smiles return,
And love so pure repay?

Ah, no! thy love, like some blue lake,
Where the winds, slumbering, lie,
Is all too pure for me to break
Its calm serenity.
For I am like the torrents wild
Down Alpine rocks that dash;
My soul—the midnight tempest's child;
My love—its lightning flash.

My footsteps, they are on the hill;
My bower is yon lone grove;
And for my thoughts—oh! they are still
Where sleeps mine own true love.

Digitized by Google

For I have loved — yet ask not how;
Thou would'st not give me pain;
Madly I loved; but veil that brow,
Or I shall love again!

February 19*th*, 1828.

Digitized by Google

THE DEPARTURE OF THE YOUNG GREEK.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

I MUST away; before the dawn of morning
March we to battle, brooking no delay;
There, 'mid the charge, invoking death and scorning,
Boldly I meet him—then, away, away!
Still, let no tears be those bright eyes adorning;
I must deserve, ere I obtain Love's ray.

Yet fear not aught from thy fond arms shall tear me,
Though in the van I march against the foe;
Conquest or death! who to the fight will dare me?
Shouting thy name, I'll deal each deadly blow.
Memory of thee safe through the strife will bear me;
Thy smile the wreath that decks the victor's brow.

But e'en should Fate bid, haply, fall thy lover,
As sword and lance their master's hand betray,
Envy will pause my parting spirit over,
Blest with thy love since it will pass away;
Still, while o'er thee its latest sigh shall hover,
Serving its God, and hailing Freedom's ray.

May 1828.

Digitized by Google

THE SIGHS OF THE DEAD.

I STRAYED all alone, not a cypress was waving
Its branches of gloom, as the sun's parting rays,
The storm and the strife of mortality braving,
Still lit with their splendour thy fanes, Père la Chaise!
When sighs, as of mourning, but scarcely of sorrow,
Breathed sadly around me; "And is it," I said,
"Some lone one who comes consolation to borrow
From tear-drops?" ah, no! 'tis the sighs of the dead.

'Twas midnight — I sate by the side of a river,
And mused on the changes and chances of life;
A breeze swept athwart it, I saw the reed quiver,
And sadly it sighed, as with sympathy rife.
I gazed on the waters, and slowly before me
A figure uprose from that river's deep bed;
But was it the sighs of the reed that came o'er me
Thus musing? ah, no! 'twas the sighs of the dead.

Digitized by Google

I stood by the tomb of the mighty — all lonely
It lies on a far and a desolate shore;
Meet emblem of sorrow, the green willow only
Commingles its sighs with the billow's loud roar.
Yet often, when slumber the storm and the billow,
And evening approaches, and daylight is fled;
Sad sighs breathe around it, but not of the willow;
Ah, no! 'twould seem rather the sighs of the dead.

Brighton, November 17th, 1828.

Digitized by Google

LADY, THOU BAD'ST ME SING.

Lady, thou bad'st me sing, but I
Was sad and lonely then;
My lute had lost its melody,
Its spell my favourite glen.
For he I loved was far away,—
Th' Atlantic lay between
Him and his home, and many a day
He from that home had been.

But he has since returned, all love,
Hope, health, and happiness.
And say, what joy can woman prove
Greater, than thus to press
Once more to her fond, faithful breast
The only being she
Through many a year has loved? so blest
Is now my destiny!

And, lady, I have ceased my fears,
And calmed my bosom's sigh;
And, though my lute be bathed in tears,
Perchance its melody

Digitized by Google

May hallow more each happier hour,
  Each darker one beguile;
And should a tear still gem the bower,
  We'll greet it with a smile.

Houghton, November 24th, 1829.

Digitized by Google

WHY STANDS THE BOTTLE LOITERING THERE?

Why stands the bottle loitering there,
With liquid rubies crowned?
We meet to-night to laugh at care —
Then send the bottle round!
For all in vain care's darkling storm
O'erclouds life's day-beams bright,
So Bacchus comes, with radiant form,
To chase it hence by night.

Morn's busy labours laid aside,
I love to join the throng,
Where flows of wit the sparkling tide,
Or swells the voice of song.
For as upon the toil-worn hind
Descends sleep's genial power,
So soothing to th' o'erlaboured mind
Comes forth eve's social hour.

Pride's haughty brow, war's wrathful glance,
To me were never dear;
While others sung of valour's lance,
I sung of beauty's tear.

Digitized by Google

Yet, ere the pearly treasure fell,
Where smiles so lately shone,
'Twas mine to weave the minstrel spell,
And tear and smile were one.

But, hark! I hear a wilder song
Than that of Paphian groves;
Lo! where, his cymballed bands among,
Triumphant Bacchus roves!
Yet, whose soe'er yon car divine,
To dove or panther bound,
Or bright with smiles, or red with wine,
Still send the bottle round.

March 13th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

THE Pride of the Village — why sits she alone?
And where are the friends of her infancy gone?
Oh! they are away to the revel and fair,
But she has no heart to companion them there.

They left her at day-break, scarce deeming her sad,
So sweetly she smiled on the laughing and glad;
But smiles are no longer the index of soul,
Where, over Love's vessel, the storm billows roll.

Yet, well I remember the time when her song
Was blithest those joyous companions among;
Now hushed is the carol, and silent the lay —
The Pride of the Village is fading away!

One bright autumn eve to that village there came
A stranger, in person alike as in name;
But, gentle or simple, ere Autumn had flown,
The heart of the maiden that stranger had won.

And where is he now? has he left her to keep
Lone vigil by night, where the willow-trees weep?

Digitized by Google

And can he desert her, poor maiden! yet feel
No sigh of remorse o'er his night-visions steal?

Alas! he *has* left her, and sad is her fate,
Once loved, now deserted, forlorn, desolate;
Beamed wealth's golden promise; he smiled—and
departed,
And the Pride of the Village is now broken-hearted!

June 25th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

SONG OF THE MARGATE BOATMAN.

A BREEZE! a breeze! who sails to-day
The ocean's swelling waters?
On the green wave bright foam-pearls play,
Like smiles of beauty's daughters:
Then, haste aboard; unfurl the sail,
And soon, yon green waves over,
Like some sea-bird before the gale,
Shall speed the Margate Plover.

Away, away! yon tiny speck,
Now dim-descried, and dark,
Ere long, shall shew mast, sail, and deck,
And float a glorious bark.
For, oh! with emerald wave beneath,
And azure sky above her,
As speeds the moor-fowl o'er the heath,
O'er ocean speeds the Plover.

A sail a-head! luff, lads—avast!
Starboard the helm—'tis well;
There—steady, boys—hurrah! the mast
Feels the full canvass swell.

Digitized by Google

And she's a gallant bark, I ween,
Trim-built for free-trade rover,
That, as she breasts the billows green,
Outsails the light-winged Plover.

A breeze! a breeze! who sails to-day
The ocean's swelling waters?
On the green wave bright foam-pearls play,
Like smiles of beauty's daughters:
Then, haste aboard; unfurl the sail,
And soon, you green waves over,
Like some sea-bird before the gale,
Shall speed the Margate Plover.

Margate, July 16th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

THE SPANISH BAZAAR.

Who knows not the land, where the green orange-tree
Should wave o'er the heads of the brave and the free;
Who loves not the land, where the smile and the song,
And the bright eyes of beauty to woman belong?
All know, and all love it; yet when shall the strain
Of freedom from beauty's sweet lips sound again?
Would'st listen once more to Spain's lightest guitar?
Then, hasten away to the Spanish bazaar!

Who will not obey the commands of the fair?
And the fairest and noblest of England are there;
Who will not, when such gentle spirits invite,
Quit fashion's gay whirlpool, awhile, with delight?
Oh! many there are, of the young and the gay,
Who'll leave the dear scenes of the Park for a day;
And, seeking those pleasures, no sorrows may mar,
Will hasten away to the Spanish bazaar.

'Tis charity's cause — it is freedom that's now
To freemen appealing; and, oh! may the bough

Digitized by Google

Of liberty's tree, wheresoever it wave,
So shelter the sons of the true and the brave,
That, whether success crown their efforts or not,
They may yet find a home,—and be England the spot!—
Where flash not death's lightnings from tyranny's car;
Then, speed we away to the Spanish bazaar!

They came from the land where the green olive waves;
They could not be free, and they would not be slaves;
To England they came, with the tear and the sigh,
And their bosoms with one kindred feeling beat high;
For, was it not England, whose sword, and whose lance,
Met, proudly, the bands of the despot of France?
Then, all that hail glory and liberty's star,
Up, up, and away to the Spanish bazaar!

May 21st, 1829.

Digitized by Google

OUR SHIPS AT SEA.

For many a year, by valour led,
And crowned with conquest's wreath,
Have Britain's gallant armies bled,
Unconquered, e'en in death.
But, furled is now the soldier's flag,
And furled long may it be;
Yet, wherefore fear, while far and near
Our navies sweep the sea.

There's not a clime o'er which the sun
His flood of glory flings;
There's not an isle, whose shores upon
The meanest flower upsprings;
But British bark has trod its wave,
And British foot its lea;
Then, be the toast, Old England's boast,
"Our gallant ships at sea!"

What's Persia, of the myriad spears?
Thebes, of the hundred gates?
This weeps the slave's ignoble tears—
On *that* oblivion waits.

Digitized by Google

But never, for our free-born isle,
Shall such dark æra be,
While, far and wide, in sovereign pride,
Our navies sweep the sea.

And should once more, as well it may,
To guard Britannia's right,
Her union banner lead the way,
The meteor of the fight;
May He, before whose sword of flame,
Kings, with their armies, flee;
May He be there, to shield and spare—
God bless our ships at sea!

November 27th, 1832.

Digitized by Google

THE RETURN.

A SAIL! a sail! once more a sail
Is on the waters dark;
No white-winged sea-bird rides the gale—
It *is* my lover's bark.
It moves! it moves! but ah! how slow—
No kind breeze waves the bowers;
Or is 't that Time, too tedious now,
For minutes dials hours?

How, day by day, dull, joyless days,
I've sat this rock beneath,
Chanting the minstrel's deathless lays;
His was the minstrel's wreath.
But, now, no longer ocean's shore
With hope alone I'll tread;
Suspense, and hope, and grief are o'er—
All, all but love is fled.

But, hark! I hear his signal horn,
Dispelling fear and doubt;
I've heard it wake the drowsy morn
To list the hunters' shout.

Digitized by Google

And now, again, its joyous notes
Come o'er the waters dark;
And, lo! where England's banner floats—
It *is* my lover's bark!

March 31*st*, 1832.

Digitized by Google

BARK THAT I LOVE.

Bark that I love! once more, once more
Thy pathway is the deep;
No longer by the dull, tame shore
Thy folded pinions sleep.
From lake to lake let others roam,
Be ours the sea and sky;
The ocean was our cradle-home—
The storm our lullaby.

There may be pleasant spots on land,
Green hill, and flowery vale;
And sweet may be the voice and bland
Of music on the gale.
But, what to us is vale or hill,
What music's breezy sigh,
When the wild winds are piping shrill,
And storm-clouds dim the sky?

I've sat me down, ere now, beneath
The forest's branchy lord;
I've sung, where true-love's token wreath
Graced the harp's tuneful chord.

Digitized by Google

Yet even then, my bonny bark,
My thoughts were still of thee;
I saw thy form, now bright, now dark,
Careering o'er the sea.

Of all the girls with beauty rife,
Or glance of high-born pride,
The one that loves a sailor's life,
That one shall be my bride.
How, then, from shore to shore we'll roam,
Nor breathe for land a sigh;
Our gallant bark our palace-home;—
Our empire, sea and sky!

January 9, 1836.

Digitized by Google

LAMENT FOR POLAND.

Alas! alas for Poland!
  She now is of the past;
A leafless tree in autumn —
  A wrecked ship's shattered mast.
The chiefs, in whom she gloried,
  Are banished, one by one;
Nay, e'en their names and titles,
  Except in song, are gone.

She fought for freedom's charter,
  The charter of the brave;
She fought 'neath freedom's banner;
  She would not live a slave.
But what, when friendship wavers,
  Can valour e'en avail?
How aids the bark the canvass;
  When sleeps the promised gale?

A tyrant monarch conquers,
  No pity lights his eye;
Cold as his own snow-regions,
  He knows not sympathy.

Digitized by Google

But retribution's lightnings
May even yet flash forth;
How soon may death o'ershadow
The despot of the North!

Yet, still, alas for Poland!
She now is of the past;
A leafless tree in autumn—
A wrecked ship's shattered mast.
Place in the map of Europe,
Ere long, she may have none;
The bright days of her glory,
Except in song, are gone.

June 9th, 1832.

Digitized by Google

SPEED THE SPADE.

The Autumn days are drawing in,
Winter will soon be here;
Still, out of doors no work — within,
No food the heart to cheer.
Yet, idle is yon mountain's brow,
Untilled yon rushy glade;
Then, why, where useless is the plough,
Why not employ the spade?

Not he most worthy is of praise
Who can most soil command;
But he whose husbandry can raise
Most produce from his land.
In vain for him may frost or snow
His garden-farm invade;
While others cry out "Speed the plough!"
He answers, "and the spade!"

From place to place while others stray,
Starvation still their lot;
With spade in hand *he* delves away,
Beside his happy cot.

Digitized by Google

The hopes that swell his bosom now
Will amply be repaid;
For, what's the produce of the plough
To that born of the spade?

Look where the glade of old; look where
The hill-side waves with corn;
No more the wild rush lords it there;
No more the barren thorn.
Then, whether on the mountain's brow,
Or whether on the glade,
Our toast shall be, with three times three,
"Hurrah! God speed the spade!"

December 3d, 1833.

Digitized by Google

THE PAPHIAN BOWER.

The sun is gone down, and the grass is wet
With the dew, but the Graces are wandering yet;
And long have they wandered, for, scarce on the eye
Flashed the morning beams of an April sky,
Ere onward they hurried, by rock and by wood,
By the tangled glen and the glassy flood.
And why have they quitted, for toil like this,
The sports of love, and the bower of bliss?
What seek they here, these sisters fair?
They have lost young Love, and they know not where.

And whither, oh! whither has young Love flown?
Has he left them thus for some isle of his own;
Some isle of his own, 'midst a summer sea,
Where the leaf is found ever green on the tree;
By sparkling founts, where the willow weeps,
And butterflies flutter around, as he sleeps?
Then speed ye away, where the myrtles bloom
O'er the flowery turf of the maiden's tomb,
Where roses are emblems of beauty's power;
Oh! speed ye away to the Paphian bower.

Digitized by Google

I passed the spot not a minute ago,
And there lay an urchin with quiver and bow;
With flaxen hair, and with eyes so blue,
They well might rival the violet's hue.
Now he awoke, and anon he slept,
As o'er him the breeze or the rose-leaves swept,
And he smiled in his slumber with smile so bland,
It could be but the gift of a fairy wand,
His beauty was that of the spheres above;
"He is found," they exclaimed; "it 's Love! it 's Love!"

"It is Love! it is Love!" and away they went,
And their steps to the Paphian bower they bent;
With haste they went, dark fears were rife,
For if Love were lost, what to them were life?
Oh! life and its joys, without him, would be
But a cloudless sky and a waveless sea;
And why come they back with a spirit of joy?
They have found where he slumbers, the truant boy.
Why twine they the rose with the myrtle flower?
They have found young Love 'neath the Paphian bower.

December 30th, 1826.

Digitized by Google

COME, WHERE THE WILLOWS ARE WEEPING.

Come, where the willows are weeping
So green on the banks of the Don;
Come, where the moonbeams are sleeping
In beauty its bosom upon:
For that is the spot for the lover
To seek, with the girl of his heart,
Ere youth's fairy day-dreams are over,
And butterfly pleasures depart.

Let those who have ceased plucking roses
Proclaim it a dangerous play;
But what were the worth of the posies
If each little thorn were away?
'Tis pain gives its value to pleasure—
The absent are ever the dear;
And even Love's smile is a treasure
Most valued, when seen through a tear.

The sunset of Summer's delicious,
And precious the moon's silver light;
But sweeter the hour, and more precious,
When two kindred spirits unite.

Digitized by Google

And sweet is the tender confession
Of love, though it be but a breath;
But, sweetest of all, the possession
Of hearts only parted by death.

Then come, where the willows are weeping
So green on the banks of the Don;
Oh! come, where the moonbeams are sleeping
In beauty its bosom upon:
For that is the spot for the lover
To seek, with the girl of his heart,
Ere youth's fairy day-dreams are over,
And butterfly pleasures depart.

April 5th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

THE BONNY SCOTCH LASS.

Smile again, smile again thus, my gay Scotch lass,
And forget thou hast e'er shed a tear;
The purple heather glads thy path,—
The birch is verdant in the strath;
Smile again, smile again, then, my gay Scotch lass,
And forget thou hast e'er shed a tear.

For how dear, for how dear of a bonny Scotch lass
Are the smiles o'er her features that play!
Her dark-eyed beauties Spain may praise,
But Scotland's fairer claim my lays;
For how dear, for how dear of a bonny Scotch lass
Are the smiles o'er her features that play!

And when wed, and when wed, oh! the gay Scotch lass,
How true to her gudeman is she!
And though her smile be still the same,
Her heart but owns one kindred flame;
For when wed, oh! when wed is the bonny Scotch lass,
How true to her gudeman is she!

Digitized by Google

ENGLAND'S OCEAN KING.

A GLASS to royal William fill,
Old England's ocean king;
Alike o'er forest, vale, and hill,
Mirth's minstrel music fling,
O'er peasant cot, baronial hall,
Calm lake, and stormy wave;
And may the Father of us all
Our king protect and save!

May Peace for peer and peasant smile,
And years of calm repose;
And long may laurelled Valour's isle
Be that of Beauty's rose.
Then, oft as forest, vale, and hill,
With mirth's glad music ring;
A glass to royal William fill,—
Health to our ocean king!

May 28th, 1833.

Digitized by Google

THOSE TEAR-DROPS OF SADNESS.

Those tear-drops of sadness,
Why, why are they where
The spirit of gladness
Should banish despair?
The pale moon is rising
Light cloudlets among,
As if sympathizing
With Philomel's song.
Hushed ocean is sleeping,—
Its wild waves at rest;
Yet bright eyes are weeping,
And quick throbs the breast.

Come hither, fair maiden,—
Nay, why dost thou start?
For what if o'erladen
With sorrows thy heart;
It is not thine only
Those sorrows weigh down,
As sad and as lonely
Are those that I own.

Digitized by Google

Yet Ocean is sleeping,
Its wild waves at rest;
Whilst Beauty is weeping—
The thorn at her breast.

Spring's blossoms are blighted,
The snow-storm beneath;
The peasant's benighted
Upon the broad heath;
The dark billows, breaking,
Roar loud on the strand;
The sea-bird is making
His way toward land;
No beacon-star's keeping
Its watch in the West;
But Love is seen weeping,
Alone and unblest.

Night's shades have departed,
Morn shews o'er the plain;
The peasant, light-hearted,
Turns homeward again.
The sea-bird is veering
His flight back to sea;

Digitized by Google

Fresh blossoms appearing,
Grace bow'ret and tree:
One faint star is peeping
Forth yet from the West;
But Love is still weeping,
Alone and unblest.

Ay — Spring's bud and flow'ret,
Tho' chilled for a while,
From bank and from bow'ret
To-morrow may smile:
But Love's tender blossom,
If Hope, for a day,
Depart from the bosom,
Is blighted for aye.
Hushed Ocean is sleeping,
Its wild waves at rest;
Yet bright eyes are weeping,
And quick throbs the breast.

Then, hither, lorn mourner,
Come hither to me:
The heart of the scorner
From grief may be free;

Digitized by Google

But, oh! there are feelings
His never can know;
Tho' brief, bright revealings,
Worth ages of wo.
Hush'd Ocean is sleeping,
Its wild waves at rest;
Yet Beauty is weeping —
The thorn at her breast.

February 13*th*, 1828.

Digitized by Google

LITHUANIAN WAR-SONG.

On, on — they fly, the Russian hordes, —
They fly, my gallant gray!
I hear the distant clash of swords;
Hope smiles — away, away!
Too long we've been half Europe's scorn,
A bye-word with the brave;
But, see where valour's signal horn
Bids glory's banner wave!

From vanquish'd Pruth's vain-glorious flood
To Danube's subject tide,
The northern eagle screamed for blood,
In conquest's crimson pride.
But Lithuania's hopes and hate
Are kin to Poland's wrongs;
And Russia yet may learn what fate
To despot lords belongs.

It is not numbers gives success:—
One true and patriot band,
Though thousands onward darkly press,
Those thousands may withstand.

Digitized by Google

How fled proud Xerxes' myriad host
  Three hundred swords before!
And cannot Lithuania boast
  That number thrice told o'er?

And firm to stand, or bold to rush,
  In self-devotion, forth,
Are *we* not met, death-pledged, to crush
  The Xerxes of the North?
Then, on, my gallant courser! on!
  The trumpet sounds — away!
I hear the Cossacks of the Don —
  On, on, my gallant gray!

April 8th, 1831.

Digitized by Google

WHEN I WAS A WEE LITTE SLIP OF A GIRL.

When I was a wee little slip of a girl,
Too artless and young for a prude;
The men, as I passed, would exclaim, "pretty dear!"
Which, I *must* say, I thought rather rude;
Rather rude, so I did;
Which, I *must* say, I thought rather rude.
However, said I, when I'm once in my teens,
They'll, sure, cease to worry me then;
But as I grew the older, so they grew the bolder—
Such impudent things are the men;
Are the men, are the men;
Such impudent things are the men.

But of all the bold things I could ever suppose,
(Yet how could I take it amiss?)
Was that of my impudent cousin, last night,
When he actually gave me a kiss;
Ay, a kiss, so he did;
When he actually gave me a kiss!
I quickly reproved him, but ah! in such tones,
That, ere we were half through the glen,

Digitized by Google

My anger to smother, he gave me another —
Such strange, coaxing things are the men ;
Are the men, are the men ;
Such strange coaxing things are the men.

But what have we here? oh! I guessed what it was :—
'Tis a very nice, pretty, gold ring ;
Then, garland ye roses, where Hymen reposes —
I'll e'en be his bride in the spring ;
In the spring, so I will ;
I'll e'en be his bride in the spring.
For though we, as women, are bound to seek out,
And rail at their faults, now and then,
Howe'er we may tease 'em, we live but to please 'em —
Such dear charming things are the men ;
Are the men, are the men ;
Such dear charming things are the men.

February 4th, 1833.

Digitized by Google

WAS I TO BLAME?

Was I to blame, because I loved
A being kind as pity's sigh;
By every finer feeling moved
That melts the heart or pearls the eye?
The heart that for another felt
May, sure, some kindred feeling claim;
And if I whisper'd, as he knelt
Beside me, "Yes!" — was I to blame?

Proud daughters of the prudish frown,
'Tis not to you my heart appeals;
Bosoms no genial ray that own,
Around whose soul no love-spell steals.
But ye, whose eyes, whose lips have proved
The glance of fire, the kiss of flame;
Say, if I loved, too fondly loved,
Was I to blame, was I to blame?

He said he loved — why should I doubt?
If *I* loved *him*, was that a sin?
When prudence guards the tower, without,
Can love a traitor prove, within?

Digitized by Google

Warriors and poets — who may tell
What each have risked for power and fame?
And if I felt love's mighty spell
Enchain my soul — was I to blame?

November 1st, 1831.

Digitized by Google

THE OLD SCOTCH FIR.—A Duet.

FIRST VOICE.

Who art thou, who art thou that, far and wide,
Wavest aloft thy gloomy bough,
Like a northern thane, in the highland pride
Of his castle home on the mountain's brow?

SECOND VOICE.

Who am I, who am I? look round and see —
Is it I join life's busy stir?
Oh! never, whilst thus, all wild and free,
The branches wave of the Old Scotch Fir!

FIRST VOICE.

Who planted thee here, thou tree so proud,
Say, was it not the hand of man?
Is it thou ne'er to the storm hast bowed,
When the years of thy stripling youth began?

SECOND VOICE.

Who planted me here? why, the wild north wind,
When the seeds of the thistle it shed, and burr;

Digitized by Google

And smooth in leaf, as he's rough in rind,
Self-sown, self-grown, stands the Old Scotch Fir!

FIRST VOICE.

Thou hast seen, thou hast seen, in the days of old,
Deeds of the warrior's arm of power;
When the bright claymore, and the spirit bold,
Flashed forth in defence of his lady's bower.

SECOND VOICE.

I have seen, I have seen, by fell and flood,
The panting steed and the gory spur;
Ay, many strange deeds, and in many a mood,
Have been done 'neath the shade of the Old Scotch Fir!

Houghton, October 25th, 1832.

Digitized by Google

ONCE MORE, AND YET.

Once more, and yet once more, the lay
Is, "meet me at the bower;"
'Tis sweet with those we love to stray,
Where blooms the wildling flower.
And what if friendship's sacred spell,
That hallows now the grove,
Should of some warmer passion tell,
And ripen unto love!

Yet, why that frown? I did but hint
What haply some may feel;
You say my heart is made of flint,
May not yours be of steel?
One spark, one little spark, and high
May blaze the love-lit pyre;
And where's the tear from either's eye
May quench the mystic fire?

You smile—can love your heart enshrine,
Unswayed by passion's power?
And will you join your fate with mine,
Where blooms the wildling flower?

Digitized by Google

If so, when stars are shining bright,
I'll meet you at the grove;
For what is friendship's loveliest light,
Compared with that of love!

November 19, 1831.

Digitized by Google

THE CHARTER OF MERCY.

HARK! hark! 'tis the voice of a once mighty nation—
A people's glad shout that comes over the sea:
Upstarting, once more, from man's worst degradation,—
The proud spirit's thraldrom,—they stand forth the free!
Enshackled in body, enshackled in spirit,
What marvel they murmured at each added chain;
What marvel they recked not, as slaves, to inherit
The land of their fathers,—the once mighty Spain!

Oh! who, with one faint glow of freedom within him,
Would live 'neath the torpor of tyranny's frown?
Can wealth, glory, honours, avail e'er to win him,
In history's pages, or praise or renown?
Ah! no; he, whose sword 's for a tyrant contending,
May conquer the coward, or beat back the brave;
But, when earth with earth in corruption is blending,
What tribute of friendship will hallow his grave?

Digitized by Google

Hark! hark! 'tis the shout of a brave people, greeting
The Charter of Mercy that bids them be free!
And bright eyes are beaming, and warm hearts are beating,
And prayers are uprising, Queen Regent, for thee.
For, gentle by nature, as noble in spirit,
Thy mandate hath broken the soul's galling chain;
And hearts true to freedom again shall inherit
The land of their fathers,—the once mighty Spain!

November 6th, 1832.

Digitized by Google

I LOVE THE BOWER.

I LOVE the bower beneath whose shade
Young beauty's form reposes:
I love the hour when smiles the maid,
With myrtle crowned and roses.
Nor least when Autumn's purpling grape
Festoons our heads above:
Then, with the vine
Of Bacchus twine
The myrtle branch of Love.

The honey-bee greets the warm noon,
And seeks the thyme-flower mountains
From toil set free,—a transient boon,—
The kyne seek the cool fountains:
But most, where Autumn's purpling grape
Festoons our heads above,
I joy to twine,
With Bacchus' vine,
The myrtle branch of Love,

For there 's a spell in woman's smile,
Man's heart for ever winning;

Digitized by Google

Alas! too well its subtle guile
Love's web for us is spinning:
Nor least where Autumn's purpling grape
Festoons our heads above:
Then, with the vine
Of Bacchus twine
The myrtle branch of Love.

June 28, 1833.

Digitized by Google

THE FLOWER OF ENGLAND'S HOPE.

Bleak must that mountain be whose path
Boasts not some cherished flower;
And little blest the vale that hath
No wild-rose for its bower.
But for the land, where dwell the free,
A prouder flowret blows;
The scion of a kingly tree
There blossoms—England's Rose.

'Tis sweet, the murmuring brook beside,
To sit, at day's decline;
And with the garden's queenly pride
The wild flower intertwine.
But, what is now the floral bower;
Rose, lily, heliotrope?
I see a brighter, fairer flower,—
The flower of England's hope!

Lo! where the whirlwind, in its wrath,
Hath swept yon garden o'er;
The once-green leaf now strews the path,
The lily blooms no more:

Digitized by Google

But from the land, where dwell the free,
And Hope's glad rainbow glows,
'Twill turn aside, and spare the tree
Where blossoms England's rose.

Princess! God bless thee! may'st thou long
Live, England's hope, as now;
The glory of her minstrel song,—
The light of Freedom's brow!
For fair, though bloom, in kingly bower,
Rose, lily, heliotrope,
The fairest still is Freedom's flower—
The Flower of England's Hope.

July 3d, 1833.

Digitized by Google

I WOKE, IN YOUTH.

I woke, in youth, the lute of love
To many a minstrel air;
Through vale and mead 'twas mine to rove,
And smile or tear to share.
And few that heard, but owned how dear
The magic of its spell;
As mournfully, on night's dull ear,
Its once glad music fell.

I plucked, in youth, the blushing rose,
And round my lute entwined;
For sweetly Love's fond sighs repose,
Within its leaves enshrined.
And not a maiden fair, whose gaze
Fell lute and flower upon,
But smiled, to think that rose and lays,
Ere long, might be her own.

But Summer leaves grew sear and red,
And glad birds ceased to sing;
And Youth, the gay deceiver, fled
Away on truant wing.

Digitized by Google

Youth fled away; and neither ranged,
As erst, Love's once green bower,
Minstrel nor maiden; both were changed,
For changed were lute and flower.

Houghton, January 4th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

AVONDALE.

Oh! fair are the flowrets, and balmy the gale,
That halo with beauty the green Avondale;
And the voice of the waters, as calmly they meet,
Like love's mingling kisses, with music replete.

I've wandered beside thee, as morning just broke
O'er thy gray rocky masses, encircled with oak;
With joy have I wandered, glad, murmuring stream,
Nor thought of the morrow,—life then was a dream.

But dreams, as the shadows of night, pass away,
And visions of glory are not for the day;
Or still would I wander, thy green banks along,
And hallow the name of Avoca in song.

Yet flow, gentle river, flow tunefully on,
Still sweet is thy voice, though the minstrel be gone;
And the verdure and flowrets, the pride of thy vale,
Still halo with beauty the green Avondale.

Houghton, January 28th, 1830.

Digitized by Google

COME VERNAL THOUGHTS.

Come vernal thoughts with vernal hours,
For with the blossom buds the mind;
Here, gaily bloom Spring's mental bowers,
There, May-boughs greet the western wind.

The wild bird seeks his summer mate,
The bee hums o'er the flowery mead;
E'en so the mind, with hope elate,
Expands, from wintry fetters freed.

With gladder step, and brighter eye,
And lighter heart, we dance along;
And sorrow half forgets her sigh,
While listening to Spring's joyous song.

Then, come where vernal buds expand,
Where cowslips smile, and blooms the May;
The balmy breeze, with kisses bland
And fragrant, whispers, "Come away!"

March 22d, 1834.

Digitized by Google

HE CANNOT BE HAPPY.

He cannot be happy, who muses on life,
To look for its shadows instead of its lights;
Who'd rather be steering where tempests are rife,
Than sail the calm ocean, where sunshine invites.

Life's roses of pleasure bloom but for a day,
Yet whom do they smile for, unless 'tis for man?
Then, since the bright roses so soon fade away,
To pleasure let's give every moment we can.

With song the bird welcomes glad spring's leafy bowers,
The kid bounds along o'er the mountain's green side;
The butterfly rover woos summer's sweet flowers:
All nature rejoices, but man, in his pride.

And why should *he* sorrow, when all laugh around?
'Tis wisdom, not folly, that lengthens life's span;
And pleasure is wisdom, wherever 'tis found;
To pleasure let's give, then, each moment we can.

June 16*th*, 1834.

Digitized by Google

SUMMER ROSES.

Summer roses, summer roses,
Children fair of sunny June;
How sweetly each reposes
In the drowsy hour of noon.
The peony, in purple pride,
May scorn each humbler flower,
But beauty's throng, and pleasure's song,
Grace summer's rose-tree bower.
Summer roses, summer roses,
Flora's best and brightest boon:
Oh! buy my summer roses,
Children fair of sunny June.

I gathered them when diamond dews
Were sparkling on the spray;
For sweetest perfumes, brightest hues
The soonest pass away.
But, ah! not for the rose alone
The gifts of nature fade;
E'en beauty's bloom but gilds the tomb,
For hearts by love betrayed.

Digitized by Google

Then, buy my summer roses,
Ere they fade away too soon;
Summer roses, summer roses,
Children fair of sunny June.

Brighton, December 26th, 1833.

Digitized by Google

SONG OF APRIL.

Smiles and tears to thee belong,
Month of sunshine, and of shower;
Thine is nature's bridal song,
Budding leaf and fragrant flower.
There are blossoms on the spray,
There is music in the brook;
While the laugh of coming May
Gladdens each green woodland nook.

Vernal month, I love thee well,
Love alike in shower or shine;
Tears or smiles—do they not tell
Of glad hours that once were mine?
Do they not recall to mind
Hope's once bright, though distant view,
When, for beauty's brow, I twined
Flowers of every scent and hue?

On that landscape gaze I still,
But its fairy tints are o'er;
Sunset long has left the hill—
Left it to return no more.

Digitized by Google

All that told of fadeless flowers;
All that hallowed youth's light vow;
All that sung of cloudless bowers,—
All is hushed and silent now.

Yet, whene'er I rove alone,
Where sweet blossoms grace the bower,
Many a secret joy I own,
Month of sunshine and of shower.
For, though youth no more upsprings,
Gazing on hope's sky of blue,
Still the spell of memory brings,
With its shower, its sunshine too.

April 14*th*, 1834.

Digitized by Google

THE PARLIAMENT MAN.

I'LL be a parliament man, that's flat,
I'll search all England thorough;
I can borrow, on mortgage, enough for that—
So I'll stand for a new-made borough.
'Twere easier far ten years ago—
Confound the Radical plan!
But a speech and a bribe, e'en yet, we know,
Can make a parliament man.

I'll swear the mob are in the right—
I can but change my story;
Suppose I supped with a Whig last night,
I dine to-day with a Tory.
I mourn the nation still endures
The pension-list's foul ban;
But pensions mayn't be sinecures
When I'm a parliament man.

For all they ask I'll swear I'll vote,
If they will but elect me!
Once fairly in, I'll turn my coat,
And dare 'em to eject me.

Digitized by Google

I fear they've had brief space, as yet,
My merits rare to scan,
But sure, "the Thames on fire I'll set,"
When I'm a parliament man.

My own Whig friend I'll just forsake,
Though once his sworn protector;
And by the hand a Tory take,
And of him make a rector.
I may not soon get into place,—
I will, though, when I can;
There's nothing like a Janus face
To make a parliament man.

March 12th, 1834.

Digitized by Google

LAND OF THE WEST !

Land of the West ! on whose free shores
Th' Atlantic's wildest billows break ;
Oh ! not for all thy richest stores
Would I my native soil forsake.
For what thy richest stores to me,
That I should discontented roam,
When waves as wild, and shores as free,
Are found at home ?

Spain glories in her palace halls,
Her storied streams and vintage vales ;
Sunset on rose and myrtle falls,
And groves of orange twilight hails.
Yet, wherefore idly, far and near,
In search of scenes of beauty roam,
When scenes, if not as fair, more dear
Are found at home ?

Talk not to *me* of azure skies,
Whose beauty seldom cloud deforms ;
Talk not to *me* of radiant eyes,
Whose glance the coldest bosom warms.

Digitized by Google

For why, where skies are ever blue,
In search of eyes of sunshine, roam,
When eyes as bright, with hearts as true,
Are found at home?

November 5th, 1833.

Digitized by Google

ENGLAND, THE HOME OF THE FREE.

Led on by the plaudits of fame, or the bow
Of Hope's vernal sky, o'er the ocean to roam;
When dangers surround us, and winter winds blow,
And white are the billows and breakers with foam:
What bids us the arrows of destiny spurn,
What angel of light, mid the storm, do we see?
To the fond recollections of whom do we turn,
But England, old England, the home of the free?

Her banner waves o'er us when battling her foes,
And where is the foeman that banner may scorn,
As, emblem of honour, it fearlessly flows?
With freedom it dies, as with freedom 'twas born!
Yet then, even then, though no longer the cup
We bumper to conquest—the ocean our grave:—
From the depths of the waters a shout will come up
For England, dear England, the home of the brave.

And when the fierce strife of the battle is o'er,
And the lion of England hath won us the day;
When, bound for our wives or our sweethearts ashore,
Thought's phantom-like vessel is speeding away,

Digitized by Google

What bids in our bosoms hope's lamp brighter burn,
What peoples our visions with faces of glee?
Oh! 'tis, that to England and love we return,
Old England, the home of the brave and the free!

March 5th, 1832.

Digitized by Google

CROYEZ-VOUS?

And dost thou, then, the tale believe
Of envy's scandal tongue?
Deem'st thou, I love but to deceive?
Maiden, thou dost me wrong.
Parted from thee, my bosom's sun,
To whom else should I flee?
I may be false to more than one,
But, oh! not false to thee;
To thee, my love, to thee:
I may be false to more than one,
But 'tis not, love, to thee.

There may be those, — there are, perchance,
Who seek to win my love;
But vain the smile, and vain the glance,
My steadfast heart to move.
I join with one the crowded ball,
With one I tread the lea;
They tell me I am false to all —
But am I false to thee;

Digitized by Google

To thee, my love, to thee?
They tell me, I am false to all —
But am I false to thee?

Then wherefore, love, that doubtful look?
One smile, ere yet we part!
As winter snow-storms chill the brook,
Chill jealous thoughts the heart.
Thine have I been; yes, thine alone;
To whom else should I flee?
I may be false to more than one,
But, oh! not false to thee;
To thee, my love, to thee:
I may be false to more than one,
But 'tis not, love, to thee.

March 26th, 1832.

Digitized by Google

WHO OWNS NOT THE SPELL?

Who owns not the spell of beauty,
As she nods 'neath her queenly crown?
Who bows not, as bound in duty,
Alike to her smile or frown?

Her power is felt in the palace,
For is not the king her slave?
Her power is felt where the chalice
Is drained in the bandit's cave.

The rose, that the cottage is shading,
Is the red rose of beauty's bower;
And hers is the wreath unfading
In the baron's castle tower.

For all are the slaves of beauty,
As she nods 'neath her queenly crown;
And, pleasure combining duty,
All bow to her smile and frown.

Houghton, October 22d, 1832.

Digitized by Google

THE SISTER ROSES.

Bloom on, twin flowers, with beauty rife,
The fairest soonest fade;
Athwart the sunniest scenes of life
May pass the darkest shade.
In youth all nature seems to smile
Our fondest, wildest schemes upon;
Then, while 'tis May, and sunbeams play
Around, smile on, smile on!

Ere long, the rover butterfly
Will to your bowret roam;
Heed not his smile, heed not his sigh —
His must not be *your* home.
The bird and bee are rovers too, —
Oh! trust not either's flattering tongue;
Nor bee nor bird must mate with you,
Of other lineage sprung.

But should some plant of genuine worth,
Green myrtle, bay, or vine,
Of kindred feelings, kindred birth,
Whisper, "dear rose, be mine;" —

Digitized by Google

Then Hymen's torch shall Flora light,
"The Hours" their bridal garments don;
Till then, as now, with sunny brow,
Bloom on, twin flowers, bloom on!

March 10*th*, 1835.

Digitized by Google

MARY.

Mary, Mary, with thy fairy
Footsteps dancing o'er the lea;
Though thy lover be a rover
O'er the broad and boundless sea:—
On land or on ocean,
Since first, love, we met,
He has clung to thee ever,
Will cling to thee yet!

Mary, Mary, let the wary-
Hearted bargain as they may;
Few, if any, of the many,
Feel affection's wintry ray.
They'll wander, in summer,
Through woodland and glen;
The winter! the winter!
And where are they *then*?

Mary, Mary, hearts that vary,
As the sunshine or the shower
Claims the blossom of the bosom,
Are not for affection's bower.

Digitized by Google

Through life, without roses
'Twere better to roam,
Than e'er to see fading
The heart-rose at home.

Houghton, September 7th, 1833.

Digitized by Google

THE PRUDE.

A PRUDE, and cold-hearted!—
"Alas! for the men!"
I have said it before,
And I say it again.
That men are deceivers
All women agree;
Are women the prudes
That men take them to be?

Companions around me,
I heed not the tone
Of passion's sweet minstrel,
And bid him begone.
But when in the valley
He's singing to me,
D'ye think I'm the prude
That they take me to be?

I heard what you whispered —
"For *one* little 'yes!'
Ten 'nays!' I'll be getting."—
You *might* have said *less*.

Digitized by Google

I'll not undeceive them;
Sufficient for me,
I'm not the cold prude
That you take me to be.

You know where the willow
Weeps over the burn;
You know where is growing
The light lady-fern.
There meet me when twilight
Comes over the lea;
I'm not the cold prude
That some take me to be.

July 8th, 1833.

Digitized by Google

TULIPS.

"Tulips, red tulips! please, sir, will you buy?
Though transient as beauty, they're bright as her eye;
Or, are the tulips you seek in the grove,
Tulips less fading, the two lips of Love?"

And who, pretty maiden, when fair forms lead on
The light dance of pleasure, and young hearts are won,—
Who is he, as the bright stars are shining above,
Would barter for Flora's the two lips of Love?
"Tulips, red tulips!" &c.

Let papa, an he will, of his merchandise proud,
By the side of his gay tulip-bed "blow a cloud,"
So the smile of the daughter invite me to rove,
For the tulips of youth are the two lips of Love.
"Tulips, red tulips!" &c.

I have wander'd, ere now, where the greenest of bowers
Shed perfume around from the brightest of flowers;

Digitized by Google

But, trust me, the sweetest man ever may prove,
Is the fragrance that's shed by the two lips of Love.
"Tulips, red tulips!" &c.

Oh! dear to the lover are flow'rets and song,
Where music and mirth, hand-in-hand, dance along;
But dearer, far dearer, with beauty to rove,
Where the flow'rets of song are the two lips of Love.

"Tulips, red tulips! please, sir, will you buy?
Though transient as beauty, they're bright as her eye;
Or, are the tulips you seek in the grove,
Tulips less fading, the two lips of Love?

June 30*th*, 1836.

Digitized by Google

CUCKOO SONG.

The winter storms have passed away,
The bee is on the wing;
The bird to love attunes his lay—
Who welcomes not the spring?
When April, robed in sun and shower,
Smiles on the violet blue;
Then first, amid the leaflet bower,
Is heard the blithe cuckoo.
Cuckoo! cuckoo!
O'er the hill, by the rill,
Sings the merry cuckoo.

'Tis May! the flowery meads along
Glad children dance and sing;
And still the burthen of the song
Is, "welcome, welcome spring!"
E'en sorrow scarcely wakes to grieve,
So cheerly laughs the rill;
While merrily, from morn to eve,
The cuckoo singeth still,
Cuckoo! cuckoo!
Mid the wood, by the flood,
Sings the merry cuckoo.

Digitized by Google

With roses crowned, fair Flora roves
Where nymphs their reeds attune;
Bright breezes, mid the forest groves,
Kiss the flushed cheek of June.
The rustic beauty, half-afraid,
The cool flood fain would woo;
When, sound of fear, from glade to glade,
Is heard the blithe cuckoo.
Cuckoo! cuckoo!
From the lea to the sea,
Sings the merry cuckoo.

All hail! Pomona; Ceres, hail!
Farewell the flowers of June!
Wild carols, born of hill and vale,
Tell of the harvest moon.
But there is one, mid the glad throng,
Whose hour of joy is o'er;
The bird of spring, green groves among,
Now gaily sings no more,
Cuckoo! cuckoo!
Far away, with his lay,
Flies the merry cuckoo.

April 23d, 1836.

Digitized by Google

HIDE AND SEEK.

Talk not to me of the rich gold mines
In the land of the western star;
One golden ray of youth's glad day,
Is dearer, oh! dearer far.
A home of love, and a bright-eyed child
All fresh from a mother's kiss,
Will an Eden make of a desert wild,—
They an Eden have made of this.
How bright are the thoughts of that bright-eyed thing!
How lightly they come and part!
For the bright of eye, 'neath childhood's sky,
Are ever the bright of heart.

Maiden, alas! for the days when we
Played careless at "hide-and seek!"
When our richest wealth was the cheek of health,
And a holiday once a week.
With lightsome foot, mid the bay-tree bower,
And anon 'neath the wilding vine,
We hid and we sought till the closing flower
First told of the day's decline.

Digitized by Google

How loudly we laughed mid the hazel groves!
We bought but at mirth's free mart;
For the light of foot, where childhood roves,
Are ever the light of heart.

They have faded away, for me, for thee,
The moments that know not care;
The eye so bright and the step so light,
Are but of the days that were.
Yet pleasant it is, amid life's dark waste,
When sorrows o'ershade our path,
In visions, the bliss of the past to taste,
The bliss that no storm could scathe.
How cheerly we sung with the glad bird then,
'Twas nature that taught, not art;
For the glad of song, mid childhood's throng,
Are ever the glad of heart.

April 29th, 1837.

Digitized by Google

ELLEN, DEAR ELLEN.

Forgotten, my girl! can I ever forget thee?
Our pathways, awhile, may be different far;
But can I forget where it was I first met thee?
The joy of that meeting what absence can mar?
I know there are those who would chill life's fair flowers,
But, hint what they dare, or assert what they will,
The bird of affection will quit not her bowers —
And Ellen, dear Ellen, I'll cling to thee still.

Where sparkle the dew-drops and wild roses blossom,
We've wandered together, ah! why must we part?
The home of our youth Nature's green hills embosom —
The hills of affection embosom the heart!
Then woo'd, as thou wilt be, by some richer lover,
Remember the tale of the lake and the rill;
Remember thy pledge to thine own ocean rover,
And Ellen, dear Ellen, I'll cling to thee still.

June 18th, 1833.

Digitized by Google

THE REVERIE.

MAIDEN of the thoughtful brow,
Ebon eye and raven hair;
Where, in day-dreams rovest thou,
Tell me, maiden, where?
Is it where the babbling brook,
Is it where the shady grove,
Mirror'd first thy lover's look;
Heard his vow of love?

Maiden of the musing mind,
Dost thou seek gay Fiction's bowers?
Or, on daisy'd bank reclined,
Wreathe thy hair with flowers?
Haply, thine the poet's art;—
Kindred thoughts and kindred words
Hope and love and song impart,
As of summer birds.

Maiden of the feeling soul,
There is something dearer far
Spells thee with its sweet control,
Than is yon bright star.

Digitized by Google

If it be nor glade nor glen,
Forest green nor moorland bare,
Where hast thou been roving then,
Tell me, maiden, where?

April 11th, 1832.

Digitized by Google

THE HOME OF BEAUTY AND HEALTH.

You ask, "on what flowery and fairy-like ground
The dwelling of Beauty and Health may be found?
And whether by mountain and valley I'd seek
The fire of the eye and the tint of the cheek?"

Oh! 'tis not the valley nor mountain alone,
Nor fragrance of flow'ret, nor waterfall's tone;
Nor Poverty's cottage, nor palace of Wealth,
That give to its tenants or Beauty or Health.

But where the rude peasant, despising the frown
Of Fortune, contented, to sleep lays him down;—
Where, blessed with the love of his people, their king
Sees the winter of life boast the sky of its spring:—

There, palace or cottage, alike are enshrined
The strength and the vigour of body and mind;
And there, "on that flowery and fairy-like ground,"
The dwelling of Beauty and Health may be found.

December 3d, 1832.

Digitized by Google

WE HAVE SMILED AND WEPT TOGETHER.

We have smiled and wept together,
We have gather'd vernal flowers;
From childhood, shower and sunshine,
Up to manhood, have been ours.
And can'st thou say, oh! cruel,
Thou wilt never meet me more?
And must I wear the cypress,
Where the rose-wreath once I wore?

I know far fairer faces
Court the summer of thy smile;
I may not have their beauty,
But I may not have their guile.
And can'st thou say, oh! cruel,
Thou wilt never meet me more?
And must I wear the cypress,
Where the rose-wreath once I wore?

May 28th, 1834.

Digitized by Google

WHO SITS ON THE THRONE OF ENGLAND?

Who sits on the throne of England?
A young and gentle Queen;
Mercy's mild glow lights up her brow,
And hallows Beauty's mien.
Whose proud flag rules the ocean?
The banner of the free;—
Oh! not for slaves do ocean's waves
Guard Britain's old oak tree!

The thrones of earth are fleeting—
Empires themselves decay;
But the glad cry of "Liberty!"
Dies not, nor fleets away.
Wo to the land whose monarch
Would play the tyrant's part;
Queen of the main, thy glorious reign
Is o'er a nation's heart!

Digitized by Google

Where mercy tempers justice,
To peasant as to peer,
In cottage home or lordly dome,
The throne is ever dear.
The warrior, with his laurels,
The minstrel, with his lyre,
Shall give to fame the patriot's name,
And noblest deeds inspire.

Who sits on the throne of England,
With calm but fearless mien?
The bright, blue eye of Liberty
Proclaims her Britain's Queen.
Whose proud flag rules the ocean?
The banner of the free;—
Oh! not for slaves do ocean's waves
Guard Britain's old oak tree!

Southampton, July 5, 1837.

Digitized by Google

BETSY, IN THY BEAMING EYE.

Betsy, in thy beaming eye
Dwells the soul of pleasure!
From these arms what wealth can buy
Thee, my heart's best treasure?
Suitors many hast thou had,
Far in rank above thee;
Dearest! as thy sailor lad,
Who so well can love thee?
Betsy, in thy beaming eye, &c.

'Neath the forest's summer shade
Pleasant 'tis to wander,
Where bright brooks, through woodland glade,
To the sea meander.
But, believe me, Betsy dear,
When the heart is lonely,
The true spell that heart to cheer,
Dwells with woman only.
Betsy, in thy beaming eye, &c.

Digitized by Google

Bounding o'er the dark blue sea,
Cradled on the billow,
I have dreamed of love and thee,
And our cottage pillow.
Oft I've seen a taper pale
From a casement beaming :—
Maiden, did no homeward sail
Greet alike thy dreaming ?
Betsy, in thy beaming eye, &c.

But thou say'st, the wave I love
" Plays the rover ever ;"
Rovers wind and wave may prove,
But thy sailor—never !
Gentle tones have met mine ear,
Bright eyes looked upon me ;
But from her my heart holds dear,
Have they ever won me ?
Betsy, in thy beaming eye
Dwells the soul of pleasure !
From these arms what wealth can buy
Thee, my heart's best treasure ?

Southampton, July 31, 1837.

Digitized by Google

THE QUEENLY ROSE OF ENGLAND!

The queenly rose of England!
What memories round it cling;
What visions bright of glorious days
In British hearts upspring!
Elizabeth, of lion mien,
Spurned not the thornless rose;
Lo! where for England's youthful Queen,
The royal flow'ret blows!
The queenly rose of England! &c.

And gallant hearts and loyal,
Alike in peace or war,
Shall bear it o'er the billows, to
Where beams the Eastern star.
Nor less, where in the Western main
Bright isles of sunshine lie,
Shall the fair rose of England reign
Beneath a tropic sky.
The queenly rose of England! &c.

Digitized by Google

It is the flower of silence,
'Tis that of beauty, too;
The token-blossom lovers send
To ladies, when they woo.
It blushes round the brow of mirth,
It greets the God of wine;
While maidens, by the cottage hearth,
The wild-rose garland twine.
The queenly rose of England! &c.

Where shineth Freedom's temple,
There have I seen it wave:
God bless thee, flower of many lands,
Thou art not of the slave!
Whether on Valour's bosom seen,
Or wreathed 'mid Beauty's hair,
Let all who love their bonny Queen,
The rose of England wear.
The queenly rose of England!
What mem'ries round it cling;
What visions bright of glorious days
In British hearts upspring!

Southampton, July 24, 1837.

Digitized by Google

LADY, TAKE THIS ROSE, AND WREATH IT.

Lady, take this rose, and wreath it
In thy raven hair;
While the cheek that glows beneath it
Seems its hue to share.
'Tis not one from Beauty's bow'ret,
Nor of garden birth;
Still glad Nature's wildling flow'ret
Is not without worth.
Take, then, take this rose, and wreath it, &c.

Some, where orange boughs are waving,
Love at eve to stray;
Idly love, if mind-enslaving
Tyrants there hold sway.
Ever dearest to thy bosom
Let the wild flower be;
Greenest leaf and brightest blossom
Are those of the free.
Take this wild rose, then, and wreath it, &c.

Digitized by Google

Bright and fair the nightshade's growing
Where Youth's pathway lies;
Yet its fruit is death-bestowing,—
He who tastes it, dies.
Guilelessly the flower of pleasure
Blooms for childhood's brow;
Happy days, when life's best treasure
Was the green hedge-row!
Lady, take this rose, and wreath it
In thy raven hair;
While the cheek that glows beneath it
Seems its hue to share.

Brighton, Aug. 12, 1837.

Digitized by Google

QUEEN OF THE ISLES.

QUEEN of where Freedom dwelleth,
The glorious British isles;
Oh! welcome to our southern shores,
Where Peace for ever smiles.
O'er breezy down, through verdant vale,
The shouts of welcome sweep;
While many an ocean voice sends forth
Its tribute of the deep.

Hearts, bold as they are loyal,
Men true in deed as word,
Are they who now bright rose-wreaths twine
Around the warrior's sword.
Here Beauty's snowy kerchief waves,
Bright eyes are beaming there;
Blessings, poured forth by young and old,
A nation's love declare.
Queen of where Freedom dwelleth, &c.

Digitized by Google

Queen of the boundless ocean,
Whose empire rivals thine?
On some one shore thy sway that owns
The sun-rays ever shine.
Thine are the treasures of the East,—
The treasures of the West;
Where is the land whose breeze has not
Thy white-winged barks caress'd?

Where has the foe of Freedom stood,
But Britain stood there too?
Whate'er the deed by valour done,
'Twas hers to dare and do.
But War, the laurel-garland gained,
Now aids the arts of Peace;
Commerce and kindlier thoughts return,
And Strife's wild passions cease.
Queen of the boundless ocean, &c.

Queen of thy people's bosoms,—
Shrined in their heart of hearts;
The love of kindred love that's born,
With life alone departs.

Digitized by Google

And therefore 'tis, with shout and song,
Young Queen, we welcome thee,
Where in its billowy beauty smiles
Old England's southern sea.

There is an awe, not earth-born,
That fences in the Throne;
An awe, by rudest peasant felt,
Nor to the peer unknown.
E'en the dark tyrant's head around
Its guardian ray is seen;
God grant it shine with light divine
For Britain's gracious Queen!
Queen of thy people's bosoms, &c.

Devonport, September 26, 1837.

Digitized by Google

QUITE TIRED.

Tired, lady, and with what?
  Hast thou climbed the mountain's side,
Where the hermit's lonely cot
  Mocks the monarch's palace pride?
'Tis the summer's noontide hour,
  Scarce a bird is on the wing;
Come, then, where the forest bower,
  Cool and breezy, tells of spring.

There on some rude seat reclined,
  At whose foot calm waters flow,
Breathe the melody of mind,—
  Minstrel accents, sweet and low.
Touch thy silver-voiced guitar,
  And, should Echo still be mute,
O'er the lake's blue bosom far
  Fling the music of thy lute!

Haply, other thoughts are thine—
  Thoughts of mem'ry's music sweet,
Music whispered where the vine
  Waves, the rose of love to greet.

Digitized by Google

Aspens quiver, breezes sigh,
  Rainbow tear-drops gem the grove;
But the bosom, lip, and eye,
  Feeling's sweetest minstrels prove.

Oh! if such thy thoughts, fair girl,
  Come with *me*, then, come away;
For where kindred waters purl,
  There should kindred spirits stray.
'Tis the summer's noontide hour,
  Scarce a bird is heard to sing;
Come, then, where the forest bower
  Boasts the breezy pride of spring.

Digitized by Google

HOPE, LOVE, AND FRIENDSHIP.

As Hope and Love, one summer day,
Strolled through the fields together,
They met a stranger on their way,
Who said, "'Tis pleasant weather!"
"Pleasant enough," young Love replied,
"The sunshine and the shower,
When Hope and Love move side by side,
Are ever on the bower."

"But, tell me, who are you that come
With that immortal blossom,
Which, born alone 'neath Memory's dome,
Should deck but Friendship's bosom?"
"The form you see," the stranger cried,
"With Memory's deathless flower,
Is Friendship,—o'er the moorland wide
I seek Hope's rainbow bower."

"Thrice welcome to our fairy land!
Where crowns yon fane the mountain,
I dwell," cried Hope, "and yon fair strand
Is mine, where plays Love's fountain."

Digitized by Google

"And where," re-echoed Love, "beneath
The mountain smiles yon bower,
The Paphian myrtle's snow-white wreath
Is wed to Hope's blue flower."

And ever since that summer day
They're seldom seen together,
But sunny showers light up the spray,
And promise pleasant weather.
Since seldom Hope forsakes Love's wreath,
Or Love, Hope's rainbow bower,
Ere Friendship, with her balmy breath,
To sunshine turns the shower.

Digitized by Google

THE PILGRIM CHILD.

A STRANGER child, one winter eve,
Knocked at a cottage maiden's door;
"A pilgrim at your hearth receive—
Hark! how the mountain-torrents roar!"
But ere the latch was raised, "Forbear!"
Cried the pale parent from above;
"The pilgrim child, that's weeping there,
Is Love!"

The Spring-tide came, and once again,
With garlands crown'd, a laughing child
Knock'd at the maiden's casement pane,
And whispered "Let me in," and smiled.
The casement soon was opened wide—
The stars shone bright the bower above;
And lo! the maiden's couch beside
Stood Love!

And smiles, and sighs, and kisses sweet,
Beguiled brief Summer's careless hours;
And Autumn, Labour's sons to greet,
Came forth, with corn, and fruit, and flowers.

Digitized by Google

But why grew pale her cheek with grief?
Why watched she the bright stars above?
Some one had stole her heart—the thief
Was Love!

And Winter came, and hopes and fears
Alternate swelled her virgin breast;
But none were there to dry her tears,
Or hush her anxious cares to rest.
And often as she oped the door,
Roared the wild torrent from above;
But never to her cottage more
Came Love!

Digitized by Google

THE SONG OF THE STRANGER.

LADY, I come from that far land
Where, in his might, the North
Wind rides upon his car of storms,
And sends his mandates forth.
Where glass'd with ice the lake is seen,
The mountain capp'd with snow,
And the dark pine of Scotland crowns
The cold rock's barren brow.

Where am I now? the gondolier
By the calm Lido sweeps;
The wingèd lion's parted power
In column'd silence sleeps.
Beauty and pleasure, smile and song,
Are there, and festal glee;
But do they, lady, do they speak
The feelings of the free?

The timid maiden's noontide mask,
The bravo's midnight steel,
Are not for them whose free-born souls
No jealous thoughts conceal.

Digitized by Google

The traitor speech, the traitor blow,
But ill become the brave;
And can they one, whose bounding bark
Has ploughed the western wave?

I love to stray where rival hearts
No ready bravo find;
I love to read in Beauty's brow
The workings of the mind.
Yet, when I homeward wend my way,
Wilt thou forgotten be?
Ah! no—thy name in song shall grace
The music of the free.

Digitized by Google

THE MAY-GARLAND.

Up, maidens, up! 'tis May, 'tis May!
Come to the meadows, come away!
Fair are the flowers and bright the morn,
And white as snow is the May-bough thorn.
The cheek of youth, with its dimpled smile,
Is there, and its bosom all free from guile.
Hark! how they laugh, as they sport and play,—
Then, maidens, up! 'tis May, 'tis May!

The May-day wreath for Flora's queen,—
Form it of all most fair and green;
But not of the holly's glossy pride,
Nor laurel, welcome at Christmas tide;
Gayer and fairer things must now
Garland the ringlets of Beauty's brow;
And, though the fairest the first decay—
Still, maidens, up! 'tis May, 'tis May!

April 9, 1833.

Digitized by Google

SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

Spirit of Beauty! Spirit of Song!
Joy-beaming visions, once all mine own;
Fairest and brightest Youth's gifts among:—
Whither, oh! whither now are ye flown?

Dark eyes have sparkled, pale cheeks have blushed,
Harps have breathed music, minstrels have sung:
Why is the maiden's young cheek unflushed?
Why of the minstrel mute is the tongue?

Youth's hours are over—hueless the flowers;
E'en the fruit-blossoms now strew the ground;
Sear is the leaflet of Hope's sad bowers,—
Sunless and starless is all around.

Yet, when Youth's bow'rets, flow'ry and fair,
'Tis mine in slumber to stray among;
Still, though but shadows, still be ye there,
Spirit of Beauty! Spirit of Song!

Digitized by Google

I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee at morn, my love,
When first I wake from sleep;
And when beneath the thorn, my love,
I sit at eve, and weep.
Or on the hill, or where the rill
Meanders through the lea;
Where'er 'tis mine to stray, my love,
I think of thee.

I think of thee, of thee, my love,
When fairer forms are by;
I hear the voice of glee, my love,
Or passion's ardent sigh.
But shine or shower, in hall or bower,
No beauty can I see;
No joy is mine save when, my love,
I think of thee.

Digitized by Google

They tell me thou art gay, my love;
Yet, why should I repine?
I care not what they say, my love,—
I know thy heart is mine.
And on the hill, or by the rill,
Or through the flowery lea;
Where'er 'tis mine to stray, my love,
I think of thee.

Digitized by Google

ALL MY LOVE IS THINE ALONE.

WHY those tear-drops, dear Sophia?
Youth's impassioned hours are o'er;
Ellen's married, dead Maria —
E'en Eliza loves no more.
Beauty *then*, in each new comer,
Bright with eyes of love-light shone;
Now that Spring has turned to Summer,
All my love is thine alone.

Youth's impassioned hours are over;
Or if passion still be mine,
'Tis not of the fickle rover,
Hers to day — to-morrow, thine.
For, though haply lip of Beauty
Still may breathe her syren tone,
'Twill not win me from my duty —
All my love is thine alone.

Digitized by Google

What, if Beauty's bright perfection
  Bring most gold at Passion's mart;
'Tis the tear-drop of affection
  Only that can buy the heart.
Beauty's smiles may beam upon me,
  I their influence still may own,
But *thy* smiles from all have won me —
  All my love is thine alone.

Digitized by Google

TAKE BACK THY YOUNG HEART'S GOLDEN KEY.

Take back thy young heart's golden key,
The precious boon may not be mine;
There, take it back; 'tis thine — to thee
Alone the gift will I resign.
And wilt thou, at some distant day,
Another when that heart shall win,
In justice to my memory say —
"He could not love, he dared not sin?"

My heart is on another shore,
My bark, ere long, will plough the main;
One kiss, dear girl; and if no more
We climb the hill, or range the plain,
Thou shalt not all-forgotten be—
Friendship, like love, the heart can spell;
Julia, "at midnight" hearts are free,—
Till "midnight," Julia, then, farewell!

Digitized by Google

Oh! had I thrid, as many would,
The windings of that young heart's maze,
Thou might'st not tearless thus have stood,
Nor tearless *I* have met thy gaze.
But I have spared thee, spared myself;
Perchance, spared others far away;
Nor beauty bright, nor sordid pelf,
Can dim for me Affection's ray.

Then take it back, I cannot keep
So rich a treasure as the key
Of Feeling's fount—thou shalt not weep
O'er broken vows, at least by me.
Julia, farewell! a breeze upsprings,
My bark is bounding o'er the main;
To that bright breeze she spreads her wings—
Farewell! we ne'er may meet again.

Le Havre, September 9, 1833.

Digitized by Google

THE FREED SLAVE.

Yet once again, once more again,
My bark bounds o'er the wave;
They know not, who ne'er clanked the chain,
What 'tis to be a slave.
To sit alone beside the wood,
And gaze upon the sky,—
This may, indeed, be solitude,
But 'tis not slavery.

Fatigued with labour's noontide task,
To sigh in vain for sleep;
Or faintly smile our griefs to mask,
When 'twould be joy to weep:
To court the shade of leafy bower,
Thirst for the freeborn wave;
But to obtain, denied the power,—
This is to be a slave.

Son of the sword! on honour's field
'Tis thine to find a grave;
Yet, when from life's worst ills 'twould shield,
It comes not to the slave.

Digitized by Google

The lightsome to the heavy heart,
The laugh changed to the sigh;
To live from all we love apart —
Oh! *this* is slavery!

Long years, mid Afric's wastes of sand,
A slave, I've toiled for bread;
But now the sword is in my hand,
The helmet on my head.
And now again, once more again,
My bark bounds o'er the wave;
There, Ocean, take my votive chain —
I am no more a slave!

Digitized by Google

A MERRY TONGUE AND A MERRY EYE.

Let's merry be while yet we may,
Dull care comes but too soon;
Is there a will? then there's a way
For all beneath the moon.
I love to hear the hunter's horn
From hill to valley sound;
But when night takes the place of morn,
Let wine and mirth abound;—
For a merry tongue and a merry eye
Are the best of all good company.

A cherry lip and a rosy cheek
Owe not their birth to tears;
The fair round face, so smooth and sleek,
Feeds not on jealous fears.
The mirthful song, the gladsome laugh,
Are Nature's gifts to all;
A careless breast is man's best staff,
Should e'er mischance befall;—
For a merry tongue and a merry eye
Are the best of all good company.

Digitized by Google

I've ever held it good and wise—
Despite the cynic's frown—
Amid the sunshine of glad eyes,
The social cup to crown.
Good company is music, when
It hallows lips we love;
The wildling flow'rets of the glen
Good company may prove:—
But a merry tongue and a merry eye
Are the best of all good company.

Southampton, May 19, 1838.

Digitized by Google

TWO MAIDENS SAT WITHIN A BOWER.

Two maidens sat within a bower,—
  Hard by bright fountains played;
The fallen fane, the tottering tower,
  Time's iron hand betrayed.
"Sing me," cried one, "some lay of love,—
  Why sleeps thy light guitar?
Red blooms the rose, our heads above;
  Bright shines the vesper star."

With trembling hand and faltering tone,
  The minstrel maiden sung;
Oh! was it that the words alone
  Had thus the nerves unstrung?
Came there no spell of memory,
  In dreamy radiance clad;
No visions bright of days gone by,
  When heart and song were glad?

Digitized by Google

"I cannot sing, I cannot sing,"
At last the maiden cried;
"What mean the forms of youth's gay spring
That thus around me glide?
They are not beings of the earth,
They are not of the sea;
Why should the spirit forms of mirth
In day-dreams come to me?

"I would I were a warrior bold
Beside a warrior's grave;
Then would I chant some lay that told
Of proud deeds of the brave.
But I am changed from what I was,
When heart and song were light;
Still through the grove those visions pass—
I cannot sing to-night."

Devonport, July 5, 1838.

Digitized by Google

NELSON'S PILLAR.

Upraise the marble column
To the memory proud of him,
Our own immortal Nelson,
Whose fame no time shall dim.
Let other nations boast the tented plain,
Where Glory's beam on helm and musket falls;
Be ours the gallant barks that plough the main,—
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls!
Then raise the marble column
To the memory proud of him,
Our own immortal Nelson,
Whose fame no time shall dim.

Not that the sons of Britain have not shed,
On tented field, their bold heart's noblest blood;
Alas! how many a stream hath flowed on, red
With life's brave current, to the ocean flood!

Digitized by Google

Ask the tall palms on Ganges' banks that wave—
Ask the green olives of once haughty Spain—
And they will tell thee that the soldier's grave
Has kindred claims with that of ocean's slain!
Then why not raise the column
To the memory proud of him,
The sunshine of whose glory
No future fame may dim?

When, far and wide, Napoleon's giant power
On every sea dared Freedom's banner mock:
Whose mighty genius bade the despot cower,
Making his greatness to its centre rock?
Hark! from the NILE a deep-voiced murmur booms,
TRAFALGAR answers from her glorious bay;
On every sea some warrior-spirit looms,
The warrior-spirit of some fearful day.
Of marble build the column,
But not of distant lands:
Be it of British marble,
And wrought by British hands.

Digitized by Google

Then shall some daring "middy" proudly cry,
"Like his, my name may pass from shore to shore;
In Victory's arms, I too, like him, may die,
While flaunts the red flag at the gallant fore."
Yes! should Ambition and the scowl of War
Drive from our happy shores, sweet Peace, thy smile,
A Nelson's fame shall be his one bright star,
His one bright day-dream—"Victory and the Nile!"
Then raise the marble column
To the memory proud of him,
The sunshine of whose glory
No future fame may dim.

As far as waves can bear, or winds can waft,
The merchant vessels of our isle are known;
Where glows the vintage Britons have not quaffed?
Where beams the gem they have not made their own?
While Freedom's banner flouts the wanton breeze,
What form of danger her brave sons appals?

Digitized by Google

They know the fleet they man still sweeps the seas,—
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls!
Then raise the marble column
To the memory proud of him,
Our own immortal NELSON,
Whose fame no time shall dim.

Southampton, April 9, 1838.

Digitized by Google

HOW GAILY THROUGH THE GREENWOOD GLADE.

How gaily through the greenwood glade
We danced in youth together;
What the heart thought the free tongue said,
Beside the mountain heather.
And dost thou not remember, dear,
How, graced by "Beauty's daughter,"
My bonny bark, in wild career,
Sailed many a stormy water?

"To live and die a sailor's bride,
I'd spurn my cottage pillow:"—
Thus sang a mother's only pride,
Whilst bounding o'er the billow.
Mine was the song the maiden sung,
Mine were the lips that taught her;
The music mine her sweet lute flung
Far o'er the dark blue water.

Digitized by Google

Loved maiden, years have rolled away,
And still no bride I find thee;
Has other minstrel fram'd no lay
In chains of love to bind thee?
Or is it mem'ry joys to hail
The song that childhood taught her,
When first his daring muse set sail
On Hope's unruffled water?

The ray and blush, that light the eye,
And spread the pale cheek over,
A silent give but sweet reply—
Thou lov'st thine ocean rover!
Then, as we ranged the glad greenwood,
(The muse and "Beauty's daughter,")
Why should we not, in calmer mood,
Sail Hymen's sun-lit water?

Southampton, May 1, 1838.

Digitized by Google

THE GALLANT BARKS OF BRITAIN.

ATHWART the loom the shuttle flies, the ploughshare cleaves the soil,
The forger of the anchor smiles amid his iron toil;
But neither anchor, share, nor loom, of half their worth would be,
Unless 'twere for the gallant barks that pass from sea to sea.
Then catch the fresh breeze while you may, weigh anchor and set sail,
And, ere another moon hath waned, another clime we'll hail:
Commerce, in all her thousand ports, shall burst upon our view—
The gallant barks of Britain, and each noble-hearted crew!

Oh! is it not a glorious thing the mighty main to ride,
To battle with the wintry winds, and rule the stormy tide?

Digitized by Google

And then to see how swells the sail, as the gay
streamer flies,
Might also give to frigid age youth's ardent energies.
The share that cleaves the stubborn soil, the anvil,
and the loom,
Will ever in the minstrel's verse find more than
ample room:
But there's a prouder theme to which a nation's
song is due—
The gallant barks of Britain, and each noble-hearted
crew!

Southampton, April 19, 1838.

Digitized by Google

GATHER FLOW'RETS.

GATHER flow'rets — why not gather,
Ere yet their charms be flown?
Or would'st thou have them rather
Perish, unseen, unknown?
The violet sweet is sleeping
The green hedge-row beside;
The primrose forth is peeping
Where woodland streamlets glide.

The hyacinth upspringeth
As if on haunted ground;
Its azure bells it ringeth;
And fay forms dance around.
Gather flow'rets — why not gather? &c.

Lo! where the blooming maiden
To veil her cheek is seen,
With love's rich treasures laden,—
The first love of eighteen!
Gather flow'rets — why not gather? &c.

Digitized by Google

Who young Affection's flow'rets
Can have the heart to blight;
Or leave them 'mid lone bow'rets
To blossom out of sight?
Gather flow'rets — why not gather? &c.

As with Love's tender blossom,
So 'tis with that of Spring;
A something o'er the bosom
That tells of hope to fling.
Gather flow'rets — why not gather,
Ere yet their charms be flown?
Or would'st thou have them rather
Perish, unseen, unknown?

Southampton, April 6, 1838.

Digitized by Google

SONG OF ERIN.

All hail! all hail to the "holy isle!"*
By the white-robed prophet seen;
Where every valley wears a smile,
And every hill is green.
In the land of the East, our native land,
We have heard of Ynisfail;
All hail to the Druid's magic wand!
To the "holy isle" all hail!

Oh! whom shall we place on the sacred stone?†
What chieftain shall wear the crown?
To him of the circlet of gold alone
Shall the sons of the sword bow down.
We'll worship the god of our native heaven,‡
The god of the hill and vale;
All hail to the tower and its churches seven!
To the "holy isle" all hail!

September 24, 1838.

* Erin is derived from Er, "holy," and Yn, "isle."

† Said to be that now in Westminster Abbey, on which so many of the kings of Ireland, Scotland, and England, have been crowned.

‡ The nations of the East worshipped the sun, to which worship some writers suppose "the round towers" to have had reference.

Digitized by Google

I AM THERE!

WHERE the willow weepeth
  Beneath the cold moonshine;
There 'tis sorrow keepeth
  A kindred watch to thine.
In the breeze, that by thee sweepeth,
  Hear'st thou not a sigh?—'tis mine!

They are happy creatures,
  Love's pangs who ne'er have known;
Still its law is Nature's—
  "Man may not dwell alone."
The bright fount shews other features,
  Even while it mirrors thine own.

Summer's sunny roses
  Have quitted childhood's brow;
Where the dove reposes,
  The nightingale sings now.
Do not her song's thrilling closes,
  Speak to thee of Affection's vow?

Digitized by Google

The sad bird that singeth,
The bright fount's mirror fair;
The lone tree that flingeth
Its sorrows on the air;
Each my form before thee bringeth;—
Loved one! where thou art, I am there!

Brighton, February 24, 1838.

The above is a free translation of a French love-song, and was written to suit the music of the original. The name of the author has escaped my memory.

THE END.

Digitized by Google

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

"FIELD FLOWERS;"

A COLLECTION OF MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

"There are many poems in the present volume entitled to rank high in the class of poetry to which they belong. It is in female ears that the poet most delights to pour his strains; and it is woman's attractions that animate him most. Tender and delicate he never offends; nor, when empassioned most, does he overstep the limits of becoming admiration."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

"It is, indeed, superior to nineteen out of twenty similar productions, and has some really sweet compositions."—*Literary Gazette.*

"A pleasing little volume of poems, containing an extraordinary variety of pieces on different subjects, in the whole of which the author displays much poetical talent, and a refined classical taste."—*Morning Post.*

"We have long wished to introduce to our readers a very pleasing little volume of poetry, which has been published under the modest title of 'Field Flowers.' Did our limits allow, we might very justly enter upon a favourable review of the work before us."—*Times Express.*

Digitized by Google

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

"THE GARLAND;"

A COLLECTION OF MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

"The graceful production of an elegant and well-regulated mind, not less deserving the admiration of taste, than worthy the cause of benevolence."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

"We are indebted to the author for collecting the scattered blossoms, and twining them into the graceful wreath before us."—*La Belle Assemblée.*

"An elegant little volume of miscellaneous poems."—*Brighton Herald.*

"There are many very pleasing specimens of poetry in this little book—many effusions of intrinsic merit."—*Brighton Guardian.*

"SONGS OF SWITZERLAND."

"A pretty volume of poems,—a really choice little wreath of poetical flowers. The author possesses much sweetness of expression, and that happy talent of selecting familiar images, infinitely more interesting to the feelings than the ill-defined ravings of the would-be sublime school of the present day."—*Review.*

"Some exquisitely written ballads illustrative of the customs of that mountainous land of liberty, where the sublimest beauties of nature thrill the contemplative mind with awe. We hope, ere long, that these clever compositions will be rendered still more attractive by issuing melodiously from the accomplished Waylett,

Digitized by Google

for whom they appear peculiarly adapted. Among his miscellaneous poems are several which have graced the columns of this journal."—*Sunday Times.*

"He is a poet, not of any particular clime, but of the whole world; and whether his strains breathe of the wild, free hills of Switzerland, or gently dwell on the sunny beauties of an Italian sky, as in some of his 'Minstrel Melodies,' he catches the true spirit of his subject, and revels in the freest tone of song in the one, or dies away with the gentle, soft, golden languor of the other: in fact, he is a poet, and this is the secret of his success in whatever he undertakes."—*Druids' Magazine.*

"His name must be familiar with every reader of periodical literature, and we believe there are few persons who will deny him the possession of much taste, great harmony, and pure poetic fancy. The 'Songs of Switzerland' fully sustain the high character that his previous publications have gained for him. Some of these exquisite little songs breathe all the patriotic ardour that so peculiarly distinguishes the country of Tell and of Hofer. Indeed, 'The Song of Hofer, on the rising of the Tyrol,' is almost equal to some of Campbell's patriotic odes; we cannot pay the author a higher compliment, than to consider him worthy of comparison with even the first poet of the day. He is also very happy in his pathetic poems; we notice one in particular, 'The Dorty Bairn,' (extracted from the 'Album Wreath,') as full of truth, and being 'beautiful exceedingly.' We have not space to quote from this elegant little work; we hope, how-

Digitized by Google

ever, our readers will be anxious to see the book itself—they will then know how far our opinion is founded in justice."—*Gloucestershire Chronicle.*

SONGS BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

Price 2*s.* each.

"HURRAH! ONCE AGAIN FOR SEPTEMBER."

A Sporting Song (with a Lithographic Illustration).

MUSIC BY J. BLEWITT.

"Every sportsman ought to procure a copy of this good and appropriate song. The hints and directions contained in the words will be found of great service to all those who shoulder their gun, with a brace or leash of dogs in attendance."—*Sunday Times.*

"This is evidently written by a sportsman; it is good both as to words and music, and ought to be found on the piano of the wife and sister of every sportsman in the country."—*Musical Review.*

"WHEN CROWNED WITH SUMMER ROSES."

"GATHER YE FLOW'RETS."

"YOU LOVE ME, DON'T YOU?"

"SHE IS DREAMING."

Published by T. E. PURDAY, 50 St. Paul's Churchyard.

Digitized by Google

"SCOTLAND'S BLUE-EYED FAIR."

MUSIC BY G. LUFF.

"The words of this beautiful song have been adapted to music, admirably suited to the syren tones of Madame Vestris, for whom this ballad has been both written and composed."—*Sunday Times.*

"This little song is at once both sweet and spirited, and, above all, *natural*—such a strain as we may suppose a Highland laddie would sing to the blue-eyed and true-hearted lassie of his love, after a long sojourn in a foreign land. We predict that it will become a popular ballad."—*La Belle Assemblée.*

"If Madame Vestris has not yet sung this ballad in public, she would do well to take the hint implied in the title; for it is a pretty, characteristic song, exhibiting taste and simplicity."—*Athenæum.*

"I LOOKED ON THE WATERS."

A DUET.

Composed and arranged, with an accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by H. R. Phillips.

"The music of this duet is a masterly composition, and worthy of its exquisite poetry."—*Sunday Times.*

"We are much pleased with this duet, which, in its style and character, is far above mediocrity; for we discover in it that true test of a composer, a harmonious agreement between the poetry and the music; *sound*

Digitized by Google

being, as it ever ought to be, the echo of *sense.*"—*La Belle Assemblée.*

"This is evidently founded on a popular Tyrolese air; but the able blending of the two voices in the latter part, renders it not only full, but flowing and harmonious. The accompaniment is good, and the words of a superior order."—*Musical Review.*

"This is an ingenious and very pleasing duet."—*Harmonicon.*

"A very beautiful duet."—*Olio.*

Published by G. LUFF, 92 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury; and may be had of all music-sellers in town or country.

"THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE."

MUSIC BY T. WILLIAMS,

Author of the original "Not a drum was heard."

"This song has been set to spirited music, well adapted for giving effect to its patriotic strain. It has already been sung by Messrs. Wood, Horn, &c., with enthusiastic applause."—*Sunday Times.*

"If this song meet with the reception entitled to its merits, it will most assuredly become popular. The music is superior to every-day publications; and the words are very spirited, and worthy the patriotic subject."—*Brighton Herald.*

"This is a spirited, and even brilliant composition, arranged with great taste; the accompaniment good, and the music well adapted to the words. 'Tis a song

Digitized by Google

worthy the noble organ of Braham."—*La Belle Assemblée.*

"A spirited patriotic song, set to some very animated music; and, 'to all who scorn oppression's yoke,' we cordially recommend it."—*United Kingdom.*

Published by T. WILLIAMS, 2 Strand; and may be had of all music-sellers in town and country.

"THE PASSION FLOWER."

MUSIC BY J. BLEWITT.

Author of "Come again, come again," &c. &c.

"A simple and expressive melody, set to pleasing words."—*Athenæum.*

Published by PRESTON, 71 Dean Street, Soho.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. MOYES, CASTLE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google